

# OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH."—SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME I.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 30, 1824.

Number 26.

## POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

December is an Emblem of Old Age  
Cheerless and cold, just stepping off the stage.

What else but Piety can be the prop  
Of man's declining days? What else can smoothe  
The downward path of age that leads to death.  
A hope beyond the grave will cheer the way  
While the frail lamp is flitting down the stream  
Of time, and hast'ning to the shoreless tide  
Of vast eternity. When'er I see  
An aged person careless, unconcern'd,  
Stepping as 'twere upon the brink of death,  
And bending down with one foot in the grave,  
No sight appears so melancholy sad.  
But pleasing 'tis to view the soul serene  
Watching with patience and cheerful hope  
For the kind summons to arrive and bid  
Her take her flight to realms of boundless bliss,  
Where sin and sorrow can no entrance find.

C.

## PARIS.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1824.

We have read of the rise and progress of Kingdoms, States and communities; but the following is told in such a humorous way, and we believe, is drawn so near to the truth, that we give it to our readers, hoping that they may read it with as much pleasure as we did.

**Progress of Towns.**—In the case of country towns, where a highland laird or a speculating society has not interfered it is matter of analysis for the fashionable science of political economy to discover how one of them has grown or by what cement it is united. There is a church, that is the ordinary foundation. Where there is a church there must be a parson, a clerk, a sexton, and a midwife. Thus we account for four houses. An inn is required on the road. This produces a smith, a saddler, a butcher, and a brewer. The parson, the clerk, the sexton, the midwife, the butcher, the smith, the saddler, and the brewer, require a baker, a tailor, a shoemaker, and a carpenter. They soon learn to eat plum-pudding; and a grocer follows. The grocer's wife and parson's wife contend for superiority of dress; whence flows a milliner, and with the milliner a mantua-maker. A barber is introduced to curl the parson's wig and shave the smith on Saturday nights; and a stationer to furnish the ladies paper for their sentimental correspondence; an excise-man is sent to gauge the casks, and a schoolmaster discovers that the ladies cannot spell. A hatter, a hosier, and a linen draper, follow by degrees; and as children are born they cry for rattles and ginger-bread. The parson becomes idle and gouty, and gets a curate, and the curate gets twenty children and a wife; and thus it becomes necessary to have more shoemakers, tailors, and grocers. In the mean time a neighboring apothecary, hearing with indignation that there is a community living without physic, places three blue bottles in the window; when on a sudden, the parson, the butcher, the innkeeper, the grocer's wife, and the parson's wife, become bilious and nervous, and their children get water in the head, teeth and convulsion. They are bled and blistered till a physician finds it convenient to settle; the inhabitants become worse and worse every day, and an undertaker is established. The butcher having called the tailor prick-louse over a pot of ale, Snip, to prove his manhood knocks him down with the goose. Upon this plea an action for assault is brought at the next Sessions. The attorney sends his clerk over to take depositions and collect the evidence; the clerk finding a good opening, sets all the people by the ears, becomes a pottingery attorney, and peace flies the village forever. But the village becomes a town, acquires a bank, and a coterie of old maids; and should it have existed in happier days, might have gained a corporation, a mayor, a mace, a quarter session of its own, a county assembly, the assizes, and the gallows.

J. P. Collock.

## THANKSGIVING. A TALE.

In one of the small interior towns of New-England, where the superstitions of our ancestors still possess strong hold on the minds of the people, the fact occurred a few years since on which the following tale is founded.

An honest farmer and his family, preparing to celebrate Thanksgiving, at his wife's father's in an adjacent town, were hurried and confused extremely on the day preceding that festival, by the multiplicity of things, which must be done before they could leave home with safety. The house was to be banked up, and the gleanings of the harvest, cabbages, turnips, &c., put into the cellar, that the external entrance thereto might be closed for the season. Having carried in the vegetables the boys were despatched to the barn for straw to fill the passage way, while the good man himself was busied on the opposite side of the house. An old ram, the horned patriarch of a large flock of sheep kept on the farm, having got a taste of some of the scattered leaves of the cabbages, unobserved, entered the cellar and silently continued his feast. The avenue through which he had entered was immediately closed up, and all the necessary work and arrangements being completed, the larger boys and girls set off on foot

in high glee, the dog running and barking before them, apparently as well pleased with going to Grandpapa's as any of the happy group.

Soon after the parent pair and their little ones, having put out the fire, and fastened the doors, and windows, by means of many curious contrivances to keep out thieves, started on the same destination.

In the afternoon of the day following the festival, which had been kept under the paternal roof with many devout and jovial exercises, the family returned home accompanied by some of their young cousins. Some of their youthful neighbors, of both sexes were invited in, and a merry thanksgiving carousal was in the full tide of successful operation, when one of the boys, who had been sent into the cellar, with a little tow-wick candle, which gave just light enough to make darkness visible, to draw cider, ran back into the room with eyes glaring wildly, uttering a half suffocated exclamation—the Devil's in the cellar! "Poh," said the father, you have only been frightened by your own shadow—give me the light." On which he seized the candle, leaving the candlestick clutched fast in the shaking hand of the boy, and boldly rushed to the cellar stairs, but ere he had descended half the steps, the large saucer eyes and enormous horns of the beast caused him to retreat as much terrified as his son—

"Sure enough the devil is in the cellar."—The utmost confusion and uproar now prevailed in the house. The good man seized the great bible and attempted to read, but the candle sputtered, burnt blue and threw so feeble a light on the sacred page, and the book trembled so much in the hands of the reader, that he could not distinguish one word from another.—The little children cried and clung to their mother—the lasses nestled close to their favorite swains, and the whole house shook with the agitation of its half demented inhabitants.—One bright thought however occurred—a messenger was despatched for the minister, "to lay the Devil."

The Parson, a man more celebrated for good nature, piety and credulity, than for talents and heroism, slipped the small bible into his pocket, put on his band and surplice, that he might appear as formidable to his great adversary as possible, and hastened to the relief of his distressed parishioners.

On coming to the house, the reverend man was hailed as a deliverer, and implored by at least a dozen voices at once "to drive the devil away."—But few moments were lost in asking questions, which no one could answer, before the Parson was pushed forward as a leader, lighted by the same penurious candle into the cellar, the most courageous of the company keeping close behind him. When he reached the foot of the stairs, the eyes of fire and the shadowy outline of enormous horns, magnified ten fold at least by the terrors of those that beheld them, removed all doubt if any had previously existed in his mind, as to the infernal nature of the being with whom he had to contend. The divine instantly fell on his knees, and with uplifted hands began to pray in his most fervent manner. The ram not understanding the good man's motives, but supposing by the motion of his hands, that he was daring him to a butting contest, made a pass with all his might at his supposed adversary; but deceived by the swelling dimensions of his drapery, missed the slender body of the Priest, and drawing hastily back to renew the assault, hooked one of his horns into the belt of his surplice, and pulled the Parson with him into the cellar. While thus in the power of his victorious foe, lost to hope as it regarded himself, the natural benevolence of his disposition burst forth in the exclamation, "Brethren, take care of yourselves—the Devil has got me!" This exhortation was better obeyed than any, that he had ever delivered from the pulpit; his friends fled and left him to his fate.

Among the company was a shrewd young farmer, who had from the first, supposed the fiend to be nothing more than some domestic animal, but being the lover of fun and willing to see a comedy, he kept his thoughts to himself, and pretended to sympathize with the others in their fears. He now thought it time to interfere, and snatching a pitch pine knot blazing from the fire, expressed his determination to rescue the priest or perish in the attempt. A lovely young damsel laid hold of the skirts of his coat—and the cry of don't, don't proceeded from every part of the room. Unheeding this kind of concern for his safety, he rushed into the cellar, seized the ram by one of his horns and dragged the struggling animal up stairs, calling to the astonished parson, "follow me." The horned devil was led in triumph, followed by the vanquished Ecclesiastic, into the midst of the company. A momentary silence and hanging down of heads ensued. The passed scene however was too ludicrous too admit of sober reflection, and loud peals of laughter burst forth from every side, during which the ram was turned out at the door, the parson absented himself without ceremony, and the sports of the evening were resumed with better spirits than before.

O. L.

The breast of a good man is a little heaven commencing on earth, where the Deity sits enthroned with unrivalled influence; every subjugated passion, like the wind and storm, fulfilling His word.

## CURIOUS EPITAPH.

A country farmer, by the name of Keazel, residing in the State of Ohio, being desirous of having his epitaph prepared before his death, (though in good health) sent a message to a celebrated Indian poet then passing through that part of the country, requesting him to come and tarry all night with him, and compose his epitaph—for which he proffered to give the Indian his supper, breakfast and bitters; to these proposals he very readily agreed.

Supper was no sooner over, and things somewhat adjusted, than Keazel began to urge the Poet for his epitaph, as he was anxious to hear what it would be. The Indian replied, that he would pay up as he went—he had now got his supper and drank, and would make one half of the epitaph. Thus he began—

There was a man, who died of late,  
Whom angels did impatient wait,  
With outstretched arms, and wings of love  
To waft him to the realms above.

Keazel was so well pleased with this part, that he sent off early next morning to collect in some of his neighbors, that they might hear his beautiful epitaph when finished; making no doubt but the latter part would terminate as happily for him as the preceding seemed so clearly to forebode. The cunning poet having got his breakfast and bitters, shouldered his knapsack, and put himself in a posture for starting, pretending to have forgotten all about the epitaph; however Keazel soon reminded him of his duty. It was now a matter of great importance to him to have his epitaph finished, as the poet had almost raised him into the arms of angels, and only wanted such another impulse to land him in a state of felicity, beyond the reach of all his enemies. His neighbors, too, were waiting with great impatience, to hear the beautiful inscription. Aye, sure enough, said the semi-delinquent, I had like to have entirely forgotten your epitaph, Mr. Keazel. Well, since your neighbors have not heard any part of it, as yet, perhaps I had as well repeat the first part over again. Do so, if you please, replied Keazel, with anxious expectation. Well then, said the Indian poet, standing in the door, and leaning on his staff:

There was a man, who died of late,  
For whom angels did impatient wait,  
With outstretched arms, and wings of love,  
To waft him to the realms above.

But while they disputed for the prize,  
Still hovering round the lower skies,  
In stupid daze like a weazel,  
And down to hell he kick'd old Keazel.

Thus finished, he took to his heels, and old Keazel close after him with his cane: but being unable to overtake the Indian, he returned to share the sympathy of his neighbors, who were all in a roar of laughter.

**MARRIAGE.**—I have often remarked the eagerness of all classes of people to read or hear the accounts of marriages. "So! John has taken to himself a wife," cries one. "Ah, there has been a wedding," cries another. "Lack-a-day," exclaims an old lady, "So Betty has got a husband at last," and each is anxious to know all the particulars—who married them—who was there—how the bride was dressed and so on. On such occasions I have particularly noticed, that the men seem to sympathize chiefly with the bridegroom, from the cause probably that each has been, or expects to be in the same delicate and interesting situation of the persons for whom their sympathies are excited. The reason is not difficult to explain. There is no circumstance in life half so interesting as that of entering into the holy bond of wedlock. A choice is made of a companion for life, for good or evil, for prosperity or adversity, for weal or woe; or, in the good old set terms of the ceremonial, "for better or for worse." Then, too the new clothes, the solemn ceremony, the wedding banquet, and the nameless delights appertaining thereto, render this period of life far more interesting than any other.—Looked forward to, through the kaleidoscope of Hope, it presents to the young imagination an infinite variety of splendid and beautiful imagery, which charms like illusions of the Persian Genii in the Fairy Tales. The young man hopes his turn may come and I dare not sketch the picture of bliss his fancy draws. The girl from budding fifteen, through blushing twenty up to ripened womanhood, feels, as she hears the account of a wedding, a soft thrill vibrating like the treble chord of the piano through every nerve of her susceptible frame. Her bosom throbs quicker, she breathes with a hurried respiration, yet not painfully; no image that she need blush for, ever casts its passing form across her pure mind, yet she blushes; her eye brightens; her lips assume a deeper stain of the strawberry, she laughs and wonders what ails her, for, how is she interested! The old married people are differently affected and yet they are affected. Memory busily employed in brushing away the cobwebs of Time (and that time is a very industrious spider) from the picture of their connubial bliss. The husband chuckles his deary under the chin, and instead of addressing himself to her as "Mrs. Maulty," or whatever her name may be, calls her by her maiden name—"My dear Lucy Howard," and she answers with a modest caress, which speaks most eloquently of the days gone by.—Meanwhile the old Bachelor and old Maid for-

get the chair is not big enough for them. The old bachelor whom no one pities, but every one in turn laughs at as a "first old bachelor," very probably recalls to recollection one who in the days of youth reciprocated with him the tenderest feelings of affection. One who listened to the music of his voice with delight; who watched his coming with anxious eye; whose ready ear distinguished the sound of his footstep from among an hundred; who loved—promised—withered before the nuptial hour gave him the right to pillow her throbbing head in his bosom, and died. Or, the lone virgin designated by the unfeeling world as "an Old Maid," may mourn in the depth of suppressed grief, a xubby youth, of manly brow and gallant bearing, whom the caverns of the ocean have entombed, or who, dead to his plighted faith, may have sought in the arms of wealth for that happiness, which true love can alone impart.—All, all are interested.

But the world! what does it care? those who are intent on gain, who worship gold as their God, and have no sympathies unconnected with lucre! Verily they too are interested in marriages. Sitting in my easy chair, these thoughts were passing on my mind, when I dozed, and dreamed a feast was getting up and a large number it was thought would attend. Hymen entered, lighted by his torch, a crowd pressed to the door, but no one was to be admitted until some satisfactory reason was assigned how the person came in Hymen's company. "No one will doubt," said the minister, "my right here for who could have performed the ceremony were I absent?" and seated himself in a large easy chair—"My worship," said a justice of the peace, "could tie the knot as tight as your reverence." A merchant followed with bills of rich silks and every variety of elegant patterns for wedding dresses. The mantua-maker and tailor close upon his heels. "They must certainly have bureaus and probably a cradle," said a cabinet maker as he passed along. "And chairs and settee," said the chair maker. At that instant a doctor appeared; Hymen declared he could not conceive how a disciple of Esculapius could be considered as belonging to his train. "It is a source of my most profitable employment," gravely answered the Doctor. "Then I have a right too," exclaimed a nurse, rushing forward; her left arm bearing a piece of diaper. A shout was now raised by the shoemaker—the poulterer—the victualer—the schoolmaster, and the Lord knows who; among the rest a printer popped his nose in at the door, allured by the delightful smell, of the terrapin and oyster soup—"It is a part of my business to publish the marriages," said he. "Let them in, let them in," said Hymen, for it is impossible to tell who is not interested directly or indirectly. Bid them all welcome to the feast?—and I awoke.

On full consideration I see that there is abundant reason for the interest every body takes in a wedding, and I hear it whispered, by those who understand the signs of the times, there will be more weddings the present year and year to come, than there has been for many years past.—*National Intelligencer.*

**English Houses.**—The light, and airy stile in which some of our houses are built, have not escaped the satirical eyes of the French. If it be true, as we have often heard, that at Brighton and other bathing places, an able workman will build a house before dinner, which will be let for seven guineas a week, and which any delicate lady of sixteen may dance down before supper, there is certainly some grounds for the following excellent *jeu d'esprit* which is taken from the notes of a Parisian Tourist. "In London," says he, "it is common for people to be upset in their houses as it is in Paris to be overturned in carriages; but that the materials are so slight, that small inconveniences attend these *boulevardements*. A house in England falls down, and all the family tumble cads and ends into the streets. Well, the inhabitants scramble up, shake themselves from the dust and rubbish. A man with a wheel-barrow comes, shovels up the ruins, and trundles them away. The ex-master of the house then goes to a builder, and treats with him as a Parisian does with his tailor, saying, my family consists of so many, measure us for a house, and see that it be sent home before the end of the week. If he be in straitened circumstances, he adds, and let it be a tight fit. If he be a rich man, a little more latitude or elbow-room is allowed. The builder takes the order, measures the children and servants, and sets up the house. Eng. paper.

**Jews at Jerusalem.**—Rev. W. B. Lewis, in a letter dated Feb. 23, 1824, says the Jews at Jerusalem are shamefully and inhumanly treated by the Turks. They are forced to work without pay, and are bastinadoed and imprisoned to extort money from them.—They are pillaged when they visit the tombs of their fathers, and when they travel through the country. One of the chief Rabbies was shut up in a dungeon for the pretended offence of having left his doors open at night, and his poor brethren were obliged to pay about 270 dollars for his release. Mr. Lewis observes that the palace and dungeons of the Turkish government are supposed to be built on the very spot where the palace and judgment seat of Pilate once stood, and where the ancestors of these suffering Jews exclaimed, "His blood be on us and our children."

**The doubtful Frank.**—Sometime ago a member of Parliament, well known in the convivial circles, applied to the Post-Office to know why some of his friends had been charged. The answer was, "We did not believe them to be yours, the hand writing is not the same." "Why there is a little difference, I grant, but the real truth is, I had made rather free with the bottle, when I wrote them."—"Then, Sir, will you be so good in future as to write drunk, when you Frank in that state." London Courier.



# PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

[CONCLUDED FROM THE FIRST PAGE.]

made an appropriation for Treaties with them, and for the employment of a suitable Military escort to accompany and attend the Commissioners, at the places appointed for the negotiations. This object has not been effected. The season was too far advanced when the appropriation was made, and the distance too great to permit it, but measures have been taken, and all the preparations will be completed, to accomplish it at an early period in the next season.

Believing that the hostility of the tribes, particularly on the upper Mississippi, and the Lakes, is in no small degree owing to the wars which are carried on between the tribes residing in that quarter, measures have been taken to bring about a general peace among them, which, if successful, will not only tend to the security of our citizens, but be of great advantage to the Indians themselves.

With the exception of the Tribes referred to, our relations with all the others are on the same friendly footing, and it affords me great satisfaction to add that they are making steady advances in civilization, and the improvement of their condition. Many of the Tribes have already made great progress in the arts of civilized life. This desirable result has been brought about by the humane and persevering policy of the Government; and, particularly, by means of the appropriation for the civilization of the Indians. There have been established, under the provisions of this act, thirty-two schools, containing nine hundred and sixteen scholars, who are well instructed in several branches of literature, and likewise in agriculture and the ordinary arts of life.

Under the appropriation to authorize treaties with the Creeks, and Quapaw Indians, commissioners have been appointed, and negotiations are now pending, but the result is not yet known.

For more full information respecting the principle which has been adopted for carrying into effect the act of Congress authorizing surveys, with plans and estimates for canals and roads, and on every other branch of duty incident to the Department of War, I refer you to the Report of the Secretary.

The squadron in the Mediterranean has been maintained in the extent which was proposed in the Report of the Secretary of the Navy of the last year, and has afforded to our commerce the necessary protection in that sea. Approaching, however, that the unfriendly relations which have existed between Algiers and some of the Powers of Europe, might be extended to us, it has been thought expedient to augment the force there, and in consequence, the "North Carolina," a ship of the line, has been prepared, and will sail in a few days to join it.

The force employed in the Gulf of Mexico, and in the neighboring seas, for the suppression of Piracy, has likewise been preserved essentially in the state in which it was during the last year. A persevering effort has been made for the accomplishment of that object, and much protection has thereby been afforded to our commerce, but still the practice is far from being suppressed. From every view which has been taken of the subject, it is thought that it will be necessary rather to augment than to diminish our force in that quarter. There is reason to believe that the pirates now complained of, are committed by Bands of Robbers who inhabit the land, and who, by preserving good intelligence with the towns, and seizing favorable opportunities, rush forth and fall on unprotected merchant vessels, of which they make an easy prey. The pillage thus taken they carry to their lurking places, and dispose of them afterwards at prices tending to seduce the neighboring population. This combination is understood to be of great extent, and is the more to be deprecated because the crime of piracy is often attended with the murder of the crews, these robbers knowing, if any survive, their lurking places would be exposed, and they be caught and punished. That this atrocious practice should be carried to such extent, is cause of equal surprise and regret. It is presumed that it must be attributed to the relaxed and feeble state of the local Governments, since it is not doubted, from the high character of the Governor of Cuba, who is well known and much respected here, that, if he had the power, he would promptly suppress it. Whether these robbers should be pursued on the land, the local authorities be made responsible for these atrocities, or any other measure be resorted to, to suppress them, is submitted to the consideration of Congress.

In execution of the laws for the suppression of the slave trade, a vessel has been occasionally sent from that squadron to the coast of Africa, with orders to return thence by the usual track of the slave ships, and to seize any of our vessels which might be engaged in that trade. None have been found, and, it is believed, that none are thus employed. It is well known, however, that the trade still exists under other flags.

The health of our squadron while at Thompson's Island, has been much better during the present season than it was the last season. Some improvements have been made, and others are contemplated there, which it is believed will have a very salutary effect.

On the Pacific our commerce has much increased, and on that coast, as well as on that sea, the United States have many important interests which require attention and protection. It is thought that all the considerations which suggested the expediency of placing a squadron on that sea, operate with augmented force, for maintaining it there at least in equal extent.

For detailed information respecting the state of our maritime force, on each sea, the improvement necessary to be made on either, in the organization of the naval establishment generally, and of the laws for its better government, I refer you to the report of the Secretary of the Navy, which is herewith communicated.

The revenue of the Post Office Department has received a considerable augmentation, in the present year. The current receipts will exceed the expenditures, although the transportation of the mail, within the year has been much increased. A report of the Postmaster General, which is transmitted, will furnish in detail, the necessary information respecting the administration and present state of this Department.

In conformity with a resolution of Congress of the last session, an invitation was given to General Lafayette to visit the United States, with an assurance that a ship of war should attend at any port of France which he might designate, to receive and convey him across the Atlantic, whenever it might be convenient for him to sail. He declined the offer of the public ship, from motives of delicacy, but assured me that he had long intended, and would certainly visit our Union, in the course of the present year. In August last he arrived at New York, where he was received with the warmth of affection and gratitude to which his very important and disinterested services and sacrifices, in our Revolutionary struggle, so eminently entitled him. A corresponding sentiment has since been manifested in his favor throughout every portion of our Union, and affectionate invitations have been given him to extend his visit to them. To these he has yielded all the accommodation in his power. At every designated point of rendezvous, the whole population of the neighboring country has been assembled to greet him, among whom it has excited, in a peculiar manner, the sensibility of all, to behold

the surviving members of our Revolutionary contest civil and military, who had shared with him in the toils and dangers of the war, many of them in a decrepit state. A more interesting spectacle, it is believed, was never witnessed, because none could be founded on purer principles—none proceed from higher or more disinterested motives. That the feelings of those who had fought and bled with him, in a common cause, should have been much excited, was natural. There are, however, circumstances attending these interviews, which pervaded the whole community, and touched the breasts of every age, even the youngest among us. There was not an individual present, who had not some relative who had partaken in those scenes, nor an infant who had not heard the relation of them. But the circumstance which was most sensibly felt, and which his presence brought forcibly to the recollection of all, was the great cause in which we were engaged, and the blessings which we have derived from our success in it. The struggle was for independence and liberty, public and personal, and in this we succeeded. The meeting with one who had borne so distinguished a part in that great struggle, and from such lofty and disinterested motives, could not fail to affect profoundly, every individual, and of every age. It is natural that we should all take a deep interest in his future welfare, as we do. His high claims on our Union are felt, and the sentiment universal, that they should be met in a generous spirit. Under these impressions, I invite your attention to the subject, with a view that, regarding his very important services, losses, and sacrifices, a provision may be made and tendered to him, which shall correspond with the sentiments, and be worthy the character, of the American people.

In turning our attention to the condition of the civilized world, in which the United States have always taken a deep interest, it is gratifying to see how large a portion of it is blessed with peace. The only wars which now exist within that limit, are those between Turkey and Greece, in Europe, and between Spain and the new Governments, our neighbors, in this hemisphere. In both these wars, the cause of independence, of liberty and humanity, continues to prevail. The success of Greece, when the relative population of the contending parties is considered, commands our admiration and applause, and that it has had a similar effect with the neighboring Powers, is obvious. The feeling of the whole civilized world is excited, in a high degree, in their favor. May we not hope that these sentiments, winning on the hearts of their respective Governments, may lead to a more decisive result? that they may produce an accord among them, to replace Greece on the ground which she formerly held, and to which her heroic exertions, at this day, so eminently entitle her?

With respect to the contest, to which our neighbors are a party, it is evident that Spain, as a power, is scarcely felt in it. These new States had completely achieved their independence, before it was acknowledged by the United States, and they have since maintained it, with little foreign pressure. The disturbances which have appeared in certain portions of that vast territory, have proceeded from internal causes, which had their origin in their former governments, and have not yet been thoroughly removed. It is manifest that these causes are daily losing their effect, and that these new States are settling down under governments elective and representative in every branch, similar to our own. In this course we ardently wish them to persevere, under a firm conviction that it will promote their happiness. In this their career, however, we have not interfered, believing that every people have a right to institute for themselves the government, which, in their judgment, may suit them best. Our example is before them, of the good effect of which, being our neighbors, they are competent judges, and to their judgment we leave it, in the expectation that other powers will pursue the same policy. The deep interest which we take in their independence, which we have acknowledged, and in their enjoyment of all the rights incident thereto, especially in the very important one of instituting their own governments, has been declared, and is known to the world. Separated, as we are from Europe by the great Atlantic Ocean, we can have no concern in the wars of the European Governments, nor in the causes which produce them. The balance of power between them, into whichever scale it may turn in its various vibrations, cannot affect us. It is the interest of the United States to preserve the most friendly relations with every power, and on conditions fair, equal, and applicable to all. But, in regard to our neighbors, our situation is different. It is impossible for the European Governments to interfere in their concerns, especially in those alluded to, which are vital, without affecting us; indeed, the motive which might induce such interference in the present state of the war between the parties, if a war it may be called, would appear to be equally applicable to us. It is gratifying to know that some of the powers with whom we enjoy a very friendly intercourse, and to whom these views have been communicated, have appeared to acquiesce in them.

The augmentation of our population, with the expansion of our Union, and increased number of States, have produced effects in certain branches of our system, which merit the attention of Congress. Some of our arrangements, and particularly the Judiciary Establishment, were made with a view to the original thirteen States only. Since then the United States have acquired a vast extent of territory; eleven new States have been admitted into the Union, and territories have been laid off for three others, which will, likewise, be admitted

at no distant day. An organization of the Supreme Court which assigns to the Judges any portion of the duties which belong to the inferior, requiring their passage over so vast a space, under any distribution of the States that may now be made, if not impracticable in the execution, must render it impossible for them to discharge the duties of either branch with advantage to the Union. The duties of the Supreme Court would be of great importance, if its decisions were confined to the ordinary limits of other tribunals; but when it is considered that this Court decides, and in the last resort, on all the great questions which arise under our Constitution, involving those between the United States, individually, between the States and the United States, and between the latter and foreign powers, too high an estimate of their importance cannot be formed. The great interests of the nation seem to require that the Judges of the Supreme Court should be exempted from every other duty, than those which are incident to that high trust. The organization of the inferior Courts would, of course, be adapted to circumstances. It is presumed that such a one might be formed, as would secure an able and faithful discharge of their duties, and without any material augmentation of expense.

The condition of the Aborigines within our limits, and especially those who are within the limits of any of the States, merits likewise particular attention. Experience has shown, that unless the tribes be civilized, they can never be incorporated into our system, in any form whatever. It has likewise shown, that in the regular augmentation of our population, with the extension of our settlements, their situation will become deplorable, if their extinction is not menaced. Some well digested plan, which will rescue them from such calamities, is due to their rights, to the rights of humanity, and to the honor of the nation. Their civilization is indispensable to their safety; and this can be accomplished only by degrees. The process must commence with the infant state, through whom some effect may be wrought on the parental. Difficulties of the most serious character present themselves to the attainment of this very desirable result, on the territory on which they now reside. To remove them from it by force, even with a view to their own security and happiness, would be revolting to humanity, and utterly unjustifiable. Between the limits of our present States and Territories, and the Rocky Mountain and Mexico, there is a vast territory, to which they might be invited, with inducements which might be successful. It is thought, if that territory should be divided into districts, by previous agreement with the tribes now residing there, and civil governments be established in each, with schools for every branch of instruction in literature and the arts of civilized life, that all the tribes now within our limits might gradually be drawn there. The execution of this plan would necessarily be attended with expense, and that not inconsiderable; but it is doubted whether any other can be devised, which would be less liable to that objection, or more likely to succeed.

In looking to the interests which the United States have on the Pacific Ocean, and on the western coast of this continent, the propriety of establishing a military post at the mouth of Columbia river, or at some other point in that quarter, within our acknowledged limits, is submitted to the consideration of Congress. Our commerce and fisheries on that sea, and along the coast, have much increased, and are increasing. It is thought that a military post to which our ships of war might resort, would afford protection to every interest, and have a tendency to conciliate the tribes to the northwest, with whom our trade is extensive. It is thought also, that, by the establishment of such a post, the intercourse between our western States and Territories, and the Pacific, and our trade with the tribes residing in the interior, on each side of the Rocky Mountain, would be essentially promoted. To carry this object into effect, the appropriation of an adequate sum to authorize the employment of a frigate, with an officer of the corps of Engineers, to explore the mouth of the Columbia river and the coast contiguous thereto, to enable the Executive to make such establishment at the most suitable point, is recommended to Congress.

It is thought that attention is also due to the improvement of this city. The communication between the public buildings, and in various other parts, and the grounds around those buildings, require it. It is presumed also, that the completion of the canal from the Tiber to the Eastern Branch, would have a very salutary effect. Great exertions have been made, and expenses incurred by the citizens, in improvements of various kinds; but those which are suggested belong exclusively to the Government, or are of a nature to require expenditures beyond their resources. The public lots which are still for sale, would, it is not doubted, be more than adequate to these purposes.

From the view above presented, it is manifest, that the situation of the United States is in the highest degree prosperous and happy. There is no object, which, as a people, we can desire, which we do not possess, of which is not within our reach. Blessed with governments the happiest which the world ever knew, with no distinct orders in society, or divided interests in any portion of the vast territory over which their dominion extends, we have every motive to cling together which can animate a virtuous and enlightened people. The great object is to preserve those blessings, and to hand them down to the latest posterity. Our experience ought to satisfy us, that our progress, under the most correct and provident policy, will not be exempt from danger. Our institutions form an important epoch in the history of the civilized world. On their preservation, and in their ut-

most purity, every thing will depend. Extended, as our interests do, to every part of the inhabited globe, and to every sea, to which our citizens are carried by their industry and enterprise; to which they are invited by the wants of others, and have a right to go, we must either protect them in the enjoyment of their rights, or abandon them, in certain events, to waste and desolation. Our attitude is highly interesting as relates to other powers, and particularly to our southern neighbors. We have duties to perform with respect to all, to which we must be faithful. To every kind of danger we should pay the most vigilant and incessant attention; remove the cause when practicable, and be prepared to meet it when inevitable.

Against foreign danger the policy of the Government seems to be already settled. The events of the late war admonished us to make our maritime frontier impregnable, by a well digested chain of fortifications, and to give efficient protection to our commerce, by augmenting our Navy to a certain extent; which has been steadily pursued, and which it is incumbent upon us to complete, as soon as circumstances will permit. In the event of war, it is on the maritime frontier that we shall be assailed. It is in that quarter, therefore, that we should be prepared to meet the attack. It is there that our whole force will be called into action, to prevent the destruction of our towns, and the desolation and pillage of the interior. To give full effect to this policy, great improvements will be indispensable. Access to those works, by every practicable communication, should be made easy, and in every direction. The intercourse, also, between every part of our Union, should be promoted, and facilitated by the exercise of those powers, which may comport with a faithful regard to the great principles of our Constitution. With respect to internal causes, those great principles point out, with equal certainty, the policy to be pursued. Resting on the people, as our Governments do, State and National, with well defined powers, it is of the highest importance that they severally keep within the limits prescribed to them. Fulfilling that sacred duty, it is of equal importance, that the movement between them be harmonious; and in case of any disagreement, should any such occur, that a calm appeal be made to the People; and that their voice be heard, and promptly obeyed. Both Governments being instituted for the common good, we cannot fail to prosper, while those who made them, are attentive to the conduct of their representatives, and control their measures. In the pursuit of these great objects, let a generous spirit, and national views and feelings be indulged, and let every part recollect, that, by cherishing that spirit, and improving the condition of the others, in what relates to their welfare, the general interest will not only be promoted, but the local advantage reciprocated, by all.

I cannot conclude this communication, the last of the kind which I shall have to make, without recollecting, with great sensibility and heartfelt gratitude, the many instances of the public confidence, and the generous support which I have received from my fellow citizens in the various trusts with which I have been honored. Having commenced my service in early youth and continued it since with few and short intervals, I have witnessed the great difficulties to which our Union has been exposed, and admired the virtue and courage with which they were surmounted. From the present prosperous and happy state, I derive a gratification which I cannot express. That these blessings may be preserved and perpetuated, will be the object of my fervent and unceasing prayers to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe.

JAMES MONROE.  
Washington, December 7, 1824.

*A Sailor's description of the Manual Exercise.*—My lads—the first thing you have to do, is, to answer to your names—when you hear the word "attention," you must bring both the starboard and larboard heels together, keeping your jibbats taut, dowsed up and square your shoulders by the fifths and braces, clasp both your fists against your bends, one and all the same moment, till the words "stand at ease," when the hollow of your starboard foot must be exactly backed astern of the heel of the larboard one; you must only clap an over hand knot upon your right athwart your breast-bag after coming to attention; at the word "shoulder arms," rowse Brown Bess by the middle, and bowse her up from the lower tier at the starboard side, to the larboard bow, keeping a good look out that she don't make a lee lurch and capsize, otherwise you'll be apt to knock out your shipmate's top lights; at the word "secure arms," the starboard arm, which is now fast to the starboard bends, must go athwart your breast-bag, in order to receive Brown Bess by the breech, clapping your larboard fist to her midships—he sure to have her muzzle ahead so that her breech will come right under your larboard wing, so as to secure her words from squalls, no tarpauling being allowed. At the word "present arms," you Bess half round and seize her with the starboard fist, then fetch her up betwixt your flying jib-boom it will be two inches from her midships; be sure to back the hollow of the starboard foot astern of the heel of the larboard one, during this motion; after bringing Bess from the larboard bow, the next is "advance arms," both of the two first motions of which are the same as "present," but at the third, you have her alongside of the starboard fist so as to secure her alongside.

*Established Religion.*—The moment any Religion becomes national or established, its purity must inevitably be lost, because it is then impossible to keep it unconnected with men's interests; and, if connected, it must inevitably be perverted by them. Whenever temporal advantages are annexed to any religious profession, they will be sure to call in all those who have no religion at all. Knaves will embrace for the sake of interest; fools will follow them for the sake of fashion; and when it is once in men's hands, no human means can preserve its purity.

VOLUME I.

THURSDAY, DEC.

*December is an Emblem of Cheerless and cold, just step What else but Folly can Of man's declining days? The downward path of age A hope beyond the grave While the frail bark is flying Of time, and hast'ning to Of vast eternity. When An aged person careless, Stepping as 'twere upon And bounding down with No sight appears so melancholy as the view of a man Watching with patience For the kind summons to Her take her flight to rest Where sin and sorrow cease.*

THURSDAY, DEC.

We have read of the r... States and commun... is told in such a humorous... drawn so near to the truth... readers, hoping that they... pleasure as we did.

*Progress of Towns.*—towns, where a highland society has not interfered, is for the fashionable society to discover how or by what cement it is united that is the ordinary four is a church there must sexton, and a midwife, four houses. An inn is 'This produces a smith and a brewer. The parson, the midwife, the saddler, and the brewer, tailor, a shoemaker, an soon learn to eat plum-cer follows. The g... son's wife contend for whence flows a milliner, a mantua-maker. A curl the parson's wig on Saturday nights; nish the ladies' papal correspondence; to gauge the casks, covers that the ladies ter, a hosier, and a line grees; and as children rattles and ginger-bread and gouty, and get rate gets twenty children it becomes necessary to tailors, and grocers. I boring apothecary, b that there is a commun places three blue bottles on a sudden, the parson keeper, the grocer's wife, become bilious children get water in b vulsion. They are b physician finds it conv habitants become wor and an undertaker is e having called the tail of ale, Snip, to prove down with the goss tion for assault is brow The attorney sends li positions and collect t finding a good opinion the ears, becomes a p peace flies the village lage becomes a town, coterie of old maids; ed in happier days, m ration, a mayor, a ma its own, a county ass gallows.

*THANKSGIVING.*—In one of the small England, where the s... vours still possess stron people, the fact occur which the following... An honest farmer a co celebrate Thank in an adjacent town, ed extremely on the val, by the multiplic be done before they safety. The house w the gleanings of the &c. put into the cellar thereto might be close carried in the veget patched to the barn f way, while the good the opposite side of the horned patriarch of a on the farm, having scattered leaves of the entered the cellar an feast. The avenue ttered was immediate necessary work and pleted, the larger boy



# OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH." SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME I.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 30, 1824.

Number 26.

## POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

December is an Emblem of Old Age  
Cheerless and cold, just stepping off the stage.

What else but Piety can be the prop  
Of man's declining days? What else can smother  
The downward path of age that leads to death.  
A hope beyond the grave will cheer the way  
While the frail bark is floating down the stream  
Of time, and hast'ning to the shoreless tide  
Of vast eternity. When'er I see  
An aged person careless, unconcern'd,  
Stepping as 'twere upon the brink of death,  
And bounding down with one foot in the grave,  
No sight appears so melancholy and  
But pleasing 'tis to view the soul serene  
Watching with patience and cheerful hope  
For the kind summons to arrive and bid  
Her take her flight to realms of boundless bliss,  
Where sin and sorrow can no entrance find.

In high glee, the dog running and barking before them, apparently as well pleased with going to Grandpapa's as any of the happy group. Soon after the parent pair and their little ones, having put out the fire, and fastened the doors, and windows, by means of many curious contrivances to keep out thieves, started on the same destination.

In the afternoon of the day following the festival, which had been kept under the paternal roof with many devout and jovial exercises, the family returned home accompanied by some of their young cousins. Some of their youthful neighbors, of both sexes were invited in, and a merry thanksgiving carol was in the full tide of successful operation, when one of the boys, who had been sent into the cellar, with a little tow-wick candle, which gave just light enough to make darkness visible, to draw cider, ran back into the room with eyes glaring wildly, uttering a half suffocated exclamation—the Devil is in the cellar! "Poh," said the father, you have only been frightened by your own shadow—give me the light." On which he seized the candle, leaving the candlestick clenched fast in the shaking hand of the boy, and boldly rushed to the cellar stairs, but ere he had descended half the steps, the large saucer eyes and enormous horns of the beast caused him to retreat as much terrified as his son—

"Sure enough the devil is in the cellar!"—The utmost confusion and uproar now prevailed in the house. The good man seized the great bible and attempted to read, but the candle sputtered, burnt blue and threw so feeble a light on the sacred page, and the book trembled so much in the hands of the reader, that he could not distinguish one word from another.—The little children cried and clung to their mother—the lasses nestled close to their favorite swains, & the whole house shook with the agitation of its half demented inhabitants.—One bright thought however occurred—a messenger was despatched for the minister, "to lay the Devil."

The Parson, a man more celebrated for good nature, piety and credulity, than for talents and heroism, slipped the small bible into his pocket, put on his band and surplice, that he might appear as formidable to his great adversary as possible, and hastened to the relief of his distressed parishioners.

On coming to the house, the reverend man was hailed as a deliverer, and implored by at least a dozen voices at once "to drive the devil away."—But few moments were lost in asking questions, which no one could answer, before the Parson was pushed forward as a leader, lighted by the same penurious candle into the cellar, the most courageous of the company keeping close behind him. When he reached the foot of the stairs, the eyes of fire and the shadowy outline of enormous horns, magnified ten fold at least by the terrors of those that beheld them, removed all doubt if any had previously existed in his mind, as to the infernal nature of the being with whom he had to contend. The divine instantly fell on his knees, and with uplifted hands began to pray in his most fervent manner. The ram not understanding the good man's motives, but supposing by the motion of his hands, that he was daring him to a butting contest, made a pass with all his might at his supposed adversary; but deceived by the swelling dimensions of his drapery, missed the slender body of the Priest, and drawing hastily back to renew the assault, hooked one of his horns into the belt of his surplice, and pulled the Parson with him into the cellar! While thus in the power of his victorious foe, lost to hope as it regarded himself, the natural benevolence of his disposition burst forth in the exclamation, "Brethren, take care of yourselves—the Devil has got me!" This exhortation was better obeyed than any, that he had ever delivered from the pulpit; his friends fled and left him to his fate.

Among the company was a shrewd young farmer, who had from the first, supposed the devil to be nothing more than some domestic animal, but being the lover of fun and willing to see a comedy, he kept his thoughts to himself, and pretended to sympathize with the others in their fears. He now thought it time to interfere, and snatching a pitch pine knot blazing from the fire, expressed his determination to rescue the priest or perish in the attempt. A lovely young damsel laid hold of the skirts of his coat—and the cry of don't don't proceeded from every part of the room. Unheeding this kind of concern for his safety, he rushed into the cellar, seized the ram by one of his horns and dragged the struggling animal up stairs, calling to the astonished parson, "follow me." The horned devil was led in triumph, followed by the vanquished Ecclesiastic, into the midst of the company. A momentary silence and hanging down of heads ensued. The passed scene however was to ludicrous too admit of sober reflection, and loud peals of laughter burst forth from every side, during which the ram was turned out at the door, the parson absented himself without ceremony, and the sports of the evening were resumed with better spirits than before.

O. L.  
The breast of a good man is a little heaven commencing on earth, where the Deity sits enthroned with unrivalled influence; every subjugated passion, like the wind and storm, fulfilling His word.

## CURIOUS EPITAPH.

A country farmer, by the name of Keazel, residing in the State of Ohio, being desirous of having his epitaph prepared before his death, (though in good health) sent a message to a celebrated Indian poet then passing through that part of the country, requesting him to come and tarry all night with him, and compose his epitaph—for which he proffered to give the Indian his supper, breakfast and bitters; to these proposals he very readily agreed.

Supper was no sooner over, and things somewhat adjusted, than Keazel began to urge the poet for his epitaph, as he was anxious to hear what it would be. The Indian replied, that he would pay up as he went—he had now got his supper and drank, and would make one half of the epitaph. Thus he began—

"There was a man, who died of late,  
For whom angels did impatient wait,  
With outstretched arms, and wings of love  
To wait him to the realms above."

Keazel was so well pleased with this part, that he sent off early next morning to collect in some of his neighbors, that they might hear his beautiful epitaph when finished; making no doubt but the latter part would terminate as happily for him as the preceding seemed so clearly to forebode. The cunning poet having got his breakfast and bitters, shouldered his knapsack, and put himself in a posture for starting, pretending to have forgotten all about the epitaph: however Keazel soon reminded him of his duty. It was now a matter of great importance to him to have his epitaph finished, as the poet had almost raised him into the arms of angels, and only wanted such another impulse to land him in a state of felicity, beyond the reach of all his enemies. His neighbors, too, were waiting with great impatience, to hear the beautiful inscription. Aye, sure enough, said the semi-delinquent, I had like to have entirely forgotten your epitaph, Mr. Keazel. Well, since your neighbors have not heard any part of it, as yet, perhaps I had as well repeat the first part over again. Do so, if you please, replied Keazel, with anxious expectation. Well then, said the Indian poet, standing in the door, and leaning on his staff:

"There was a man, who died of late,  
For whom angels did impatient wait,  
With outstretched arms, and wings of love,  
To wait him to the realms above—  
But while they disputed for the prize,  
Still hovering round the lower skies,  
In slipp'd the Devil like a weazel,  
And down to hell he kick'd old Keazel."

Thus finished, he took to his heels, and old Keazel close after him with his cane: but being unable to overtake the Indian, he returned to share the sympathy of his neighbors, who were all in a roar of laughter.

MARRIAGE.—I have often remarked the eagerness of all classes of people to read or hear the accounts of marriages. "So! John has taken to himself a wife," cries one. "Ah, there has been a wedding," cries another. "Lack-a-day," exclaims an old lady, "So Betty has got a husband at last," and each is anxious to know all the particulars—who married them—who was there—how the bride was dressed and so on. On such occasions I have particularly noticed, that the men seem to sympathize chiefly with the bridegroom, from the cause probably that each has been, or expects to be in the same delicate and interesting situation of the persons for whom their sympathies are excited. The reason is not difficult to explain. There is no circumstance in life half so interesting as that of entering into the holy bond of wedlock. A choice is made of a companion for life, for good or evil, for prosperity or adversity, for weal or woe; or, in the good old set terms of the ceremonial, "for better or for worse." Then, too the new clothes, the solemn ceremony, the wedding banquet, and the nameless delights appertaining thereto, render this period of life far more interesting than any other.—Looked forward to, through the telescope of Hope, it presents to the young imagination an infinite variety of splendid and beautiful imagery, which charms like illusions of the Persian Genii in the Fairy Tales. The young man hopes his turn may come and I dare not sketch the picture of bliss his fancy draws. The girl from budding fifteen, through blushing twenty up to ripened womanhood, feels, as she hears the account of a wedding, a soft thrill vibrating like the treble chord of the piano through every nerve of her susceptible frame. Her bosom throbs quicker, she breathes with a hurried respiration, yet not painfully; no image that she need blush for, ever casts its passing form across her pure mind, yet she blushes; her eye brightens; her lips assume a deeper stain of the strawberry, she laughs and wonders what ails her, for, how is she interested! The old married people are differently affected and yet they are affected. Memory busily employed in brushing away the cobwebs of Time (and that time is a very industrious spider) from the picture of their connubial bliss. The husband chuckles his deary under the chin, and instead of addressing himself to her as "Mrs. Mauly," or whatever her name may be, calls her virgin name—"My dear Lucy Howard," and she answers with a modest blush, which speaks most eloquently of the days gone by.—Meanwhile the old Bachelor and old Maid for-

get the chair is not big enough for them. The old dodger whom no one pities, but every one in turn laughs at as a "lusty old bachelor," very probably recalls to recollection one who in the days of youth reciprocated with him the tenderest feelings of affection. One who listened to the music of his voice with delight; who watched his coming with anxious eye; whose ready ear distinguished the sound of his footstep from among an hundred; who loved—promised—withered before the nuptial hour gave him the right to pillow her throbbing head in his bosom, and died. Or, the lone virgin designated by the unfeeling world as "an Old Maid," may mourn in the depth of suppressed grief, a rubby youth, of manly brow and gallant bearing, whom the caverns of the ocean have entombed, or who, dead to his plighted faith, may have sought in the arms of wealth for that happiness which true love can alone impart.—All, all are interested.

But the world! what does it care? those who are intent on gain, who worship gold as their God, and have no sympathies unconnected with lucre! Verily they too are interested in marriages. Sitting in my easy chair, these thoughts were passing on my mind, when I dozed, and dreamed a feast was getting up and a large number of it was thought would attend. Hymen entered, lighted by his torch, a crowd pressed to the door, but no one was to be admitted until some satisfactory reason was assigned how the person came in Hymen's company. "No one will doubt," said the minister, "my right here for who could have performed the ceremony were I absent?" and seated himself in a large easy chair—"My worship," said a justice of the peace, "could tie the knot as tight as your reverence." A merchant followed with bills of rich silks and every variety of elegant patterns for wedding dresses. The mantua-maker and tailor close upon his heels. "They must certainly have bureaus and probably a cradle," said a cabinet maker as he passed along. "And chairs and settee," said the chair maker. At that instant a doctor appeared; Hymen declared he could not conceive how a disciple of Esculapius could be considered as belonging to his train. "It is a source of my most profitable employment," gravely answered the Doctor. "Then I have a right too," exclaimed a nurse, rushing forward; her left arm bearing a piece of diaper. A shout was now raised by the shoemaker—the poulterer—the victualer—the schoolmaster, and the Lord knows who; among the rest a printer popped his nose in at the door, allured by the delightful smell, of the terrapin and oyster soup—"It is a part of my business to publish the marriages," said he. "Let them in, let them in," said Hymen, for it is impossible to tell who is not interested directly or indirectly. Did them all welcome to the feast?—and I awoke.

On full consideration I see that there is abundant reason for the interest every body takes in a wedding, and I hear it whispered, by those who understand the signs of the times, there will be more weddings the present year and year to come, than there has been for many years past.—National Intelligencer.

English Houses.—The light, and airy stile in which some of our houses are built, have not escaped the satirical eyes of the French. If it be true, as we have often heard, that at Brighton and other bathing places, an able workman will build a house before dinner, which will be let for seven guineas a week, and which any delicate lady of sixteen may dance down before supper, there is certainly some grounds for the following excellent *jeu d'esprit* which is taken from the note of a Parisian Tourist. "In London," says he, "it is common for people to be upset in their houses as it is in Paris to be overturned in carriages; but that the materials are so slight, that small inconveniences attend these *bouleversemens*. A house in England falls down, and all the family tumble out and ends into the streets. Well, the inhabitants scramble up, shake themselves from the dust and rubbish. A man with a wheel-barrow comes, shovels up the ruins, and trundles them away. The ex-master of the house then goes to a builder, and treats with him as a Parisian does with his tailor, saying, my family consists of so many, measure us for a house, and see that it be sent home before the end of the week. If he be in straitened circumstances, he adds, and let it be a tight fit. If he be a rich man, a little more latitude or elbow-room is allowed. The builder takes the order, measures the children and servants, and sets up the house. Eng. paper.

Jews at Jerusalem.—Rev. W. B. Lewis, in a letter dated Feb. 23, 1824, says the Jews at Jerusalem are shamefully and inhumanly treated by the Turks. They are forced to work without pay, and are bastinadoed and imprisoned to extort money from them.—They are pillaged when they visit the tombs of their fathers, and when they travel through the country. One of the chief Rabbies was shut up in a dungeon for the pretended offence of having left his door open at night, and his poor brethren were obliged to pay about 270 dollars for his release. Mr. Lewis serves that the palace and dungeons of the Turkish government are supposed to be built on the very spot where the palace and judgment seat of Eilat once stood, and where the ancestors of these suffering Jews exclaimed, "His blood be on us and our children."

The doubtful Frank.—Sometime ago a member of Parliament, well known in the convivial circles, applied to the Post-Office to know why some of his friends had been charged. The answer was, "We did not believe them to be yours, the hand writing is not the same." "Why there is a little difference, I grant, but the real truth is, I had made rather free with the bottle, when I wrote them."—"Then, Sir, will you be so good in future as to write drunk, when you drink in that state." London Courier.

## PARIS!

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1824.

We have read of the rise and progress of Kingdoms, States and communities; but the following is told in such a humorous way, and, we believe, is drawn so near to the truth, that we give it to our readers, hoping that they may read it with as much pleasure as we did.

Progress of Towns.—In the case of country towns, where a highland laird or a speculating society has not interfered it is matter of analysis for the fashionable science of political economy to discover how one of them has grown or by what cement it is united. There is a church, that is the ordinary foundation. Where there is a church there must be a parson, a clerk, a sexton, and a midwife. Thus we account for four houses. An inn is required on the road. This produces a smith, a saddler, a butcher, and a brewer. The parson, the clerk, the sexton, the midwife, the butcher, the smith, the saddler, and the brewer, require a baker, a tailor, a shoemaker, and a carpenter. They soon learn to eat plum-pudding; and a grocer follows. The grocer's wife and parson's wife contend for superiority of dress, whence flows a milliner, and with the milliner a mantua-maker. A barber is introduced to curl the parson's wig and shave the smith on Saturday nights; and a stationer to furnish the ladies paper for their sentimental correspondence; an exciseman is sent to gauge the casks, and a schoolmaster discovers that the ladies cannot spell. A later, a hosiery, and a linen draper, follow by degrees; and as children are born they cry for rattles and ginger-bread. The parson becomes idle and gouty, and gets a curate, and the curate gets twenty children and a wife; and thus it becomes necessary to have more shoemakers, tailors, and grocers. In the mean time a neighboring apothecary, hearing with indignation that there is a community living without physic, places three blue bottles in the window; when on a sudden, the parson, the butcher, the innkeeper, the grocer's wife, and the parson's wife, become bilious and nervous, and their children get water in the head, teeth and convulsion. They are bled and blistered till a physician finds it convenient to settle; the inhabitants become worse and worse every day, and an undertaker is established. The butcher having called the tailor prick-horn over a pot of ale, Snip, to prove his manhood knocks him down with the goose. Upon this plot an action for assault is brought at the next Sessions. The attorney sends his clerk over to take depositions and collect the evidence; the clerk finding a good opening, sets all the people by the ears, becomes a petting attorney, and peace flies the village forever. But the village becomes a town, acquires a tank, and a coterie of old maids; and should it have existed in happier days, might have gained a corporation, a mayor, a mace, a quarter session of its own, a county assembly, the assizes, and the gallows.

## THANKSGIVING, A TALE.

In one of the small interior towns of New-England, where the superstitions of our ancestors still possess strong hold on the minds of the people, the fact occurred a few years since on which the following tale is founded.

An honest farmer and his family, preparing to celebrate Thanksgiving, at his wife's father's in an adjacent town, were hurried and confused extremely on the day preceding that festival, by the multiplicity of things, which must be done before they could leave home with safety. The house was to be banked up, and the gleanings of the harvest, cabbages, turnips, &c. put into the cellar, that the external entrance thereto might be closed for the season. Having carried in the vegetables the boys were despatched to the barn for straw to fill the passage way, while the good man himself was busied on the opposite side of the house. An old ram, the horned patriarch of a large flock of sheep kept on the farm, having got a taste of some of the scattered leaves of the cabbages, unobserved, entered the cellar and silently continued his feast. The avenue through which he had entered was immediately closed up, and all the necessary work and arrangements being completed, the larger boys and girls set off on foot



PARIS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1824.

This is the last paper which we shall present to our friends and patrons in 1824. The year soon closes—and we must regard the still, but steady advances of time. It was but a short time ago and the sun of summer shone upon us in all his meridian splendor—he is now enfeebled in his power, and casts his rays obliquely to earth. The trees are now stripped of their summer robes, and the face of the earth, that was a little while since clothed in beautiful green, is now carpeted with snow. We look, and pause, at this desolation of nature, and, amidst our reflections, we are bid to remember that such in a few years must be our own condition; for the blossoms of our spring and the pride of our summer will also fade and decay—the pulse that now beats high, with life and animation, will gradually sink, and must finally stop forever—and while we hear the hoarse murmur of the howling winds of winter around our habitations, their terrific voice reminds us, that we, with all the generations of men, must eventually bow to the cold and stern reign of the winter of death. To-morrow, and where are we?—the place that knew us but yesterday, knows us no more forever.

While we thus follow nature, we find it her unvarying character, to lead us "up to nature's God," and perhaps it is for this end that all its varieties have such irresistible dominion over our minds. We behold the bounties of the Almighty in the opening splendor of Spring; in the rich and beautiful appearance of Summer, we view his greatness: in the Autumn, we taste his goodness in his crowning the year with his loving kindness; and in Winter, when we witness the decay of nature around us, we feel that to such an end we must all come at last—Then, lifting up our eyes in search of comfort and support, we gladly deserv ONE who is unchanged, and whose years are ever the same; and we feel and own there is a God, who is our Father and Benefactor.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

DEAR SIR—The early part of a session of Congress furnishes but little news, the time being occupied principally in organizing committees and preparing business to be acted on at a later period.

against the sudden impulses, which form ever an honorable pride and virtuous emotions swell every human heart, may do much to keep the public functionaries under that restraint of pacific policy, which places the glory of a republic rather on the diffusion of comfort, intelligence, and contentment than on the splendor of military achievement ; but neither they nor their representatives can compel the negotiating, and army and navy commanding power to conduct with deliberation, with dignity, with forbearance, and respect for the laws, when angry passions demand their sacrifices, or ambition is rushing forward for its laurels. The importance therefore of the pending election of our Chief Magistrate must be apparent, and will command the deepest interest of the patriotic citizens of our country, who will look with anxiety to those blessings they enjoy, and consider how much their security must depend on an honest and wise discharge of the duty which has devolved on their representatives in Congress in regard to that election.

the energy of the radicals of Congress, and too obviously salutary to be easily abandoned, has left our treasury, as appears by the Message, in a most favorable state, and with a continuance of the government on the same principles we may expect an early extinguishment of our debt, still amounting to more than eight millions of dollars. The advantage of continued peace will leave our resources applicable to this object unimpaired; but there is a speck in our horizon which may perhaps grow into a heavy cloud. The continuance of piracy, by which the property and lives of our citizens are so often and so cruelly destroyed, demands of the government an effectual remedy. The existence of bands of robbers on the land, who lie in wait to plunder our vessels and murder their crews, implicates the local governments, and, if the proper representations have been made to the mother country, must render it responsible for the continuance of such nefarious practices. They are such as the honor and the duty of this nation must forbid it from submitting to, and of which the suppression is demanded by interest and humanity. It is at present impossible to determine what measures may be deemed best to be adopted, but it is evident such as will appear to be adequate should at any cost be preferred. Should I pursue the topics of the President's Message, I should be led beyond the limits of a letter and weary your patience, I will therefore leave it to your own reflections, which will undoubtedly lead you to as just conclusions as any I can point out.

The Presidential election continues to be here a topic of deep interest and frequent remark. The parties of Mr. Clay and Mr. Crawford who cannot now seriously think of pursuing any other course than selecting between the two leading candidates, Jackson and Adams, will be much divided; but do not seem as yet to have taken ground. Gen. Jackson has some warm friends. When La Fayette was passing through Pennsylvania, some worthy inhabitant inquired of him this "Lafayette" was, "for," said he, "I am for General Shackone any how." This zeal in favor of our distinguished and gallant military chief will do much to conquer that repugnancy which some have entertained against confiding to his intelligence, moderation, juridical acumen, and respect for our constitution and laws, the highest civil office in the country. He has, indeed, perhaps the best chance of any of the candidates; but where either a majority is small or there are many parties it is unsafe to rely confidently on the anticipation of any specific result. One who is acquainted with human nature as exhibited in the political world will never do so.

that point to which they may hereafter look back and be satisfied that they did not go too far nor stop short too soon. Some provision will be made for La Fayette, which shall be honourary to him in its character and creditable to the munificence of the nation; but when we consider that all this procedure is peculiar in the history of nations, and that it must be kept as an insulated case, prohibited as precedent, and barred all use to avail the other heroes of our war of independence, foreigners and citizens, I think you will justify me in saying that I regard it as a case of much delicacy and difficulty.

Extracts from a letter, written by a traveller, to a gentleman in this town.

This, however, with cautious prudence they limited to one year; leaving it for succeeding members to continue or withhold the support which they had generously bestowed. The money which they received from the State together with a considerable sum which they borrowed, was judiciously spent in purchasing a philosophical and chemical apparatus and a small library, perhaps 200 vols.

Thus commenced the Gardiner Lyceum. One student entered, others followed his example and the prospect of becoming prosperous and useful was bright and cheerful. Grateful for the patronage already given, and confident of expecting its continuance, the Trustees exerted themselves to the utmost that they might render their charge a blessing and an honor to that public which had thus far fostered them. But for reasons to me unknown, the expected support was denied them. The Legislature refused them a further grant of monies and the Lyceum was left to struggle for existence. The munificence of its founders has however kept it not only alive, but raised it to a tolerable flourishing state. The plan became more generally understood, the number of students increased; another house was wanting for their reception. He has accordingly erected another commodious building and fitted it with every convenience necessary. The student is accommodated with board and washing for \$1 25 per week, and with a room in the building; a mattress, bedstead two chairs, and a table for 25 cents per week. The rooms are sufficiently large for two, and are warmed by flues from a furnace in the cellar—for his which he pays 12-12 cents per week, his expenses there for fire for victuals, washing, room, furniture and fire are \$1 62 1-2 per week. He must find his own light, bed-clothes and books. His contingent expenses, of course, are regulated by his own experience.

The present state of the institution is this. There are in the first or highest class, 8; in the second, 13; in the third, 32; total 53. They expect several to join the winter classes—the object of which I must refer you to their address. They have a small though good Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus; a small collection of Minerals; a small Library; a stone building destined for the Cabinet, recitation and lecture rooms—many wants, and no funds. And what are these wants, and why should they have funds? A knowledge of the objects and plan of the institution would be a sufficient answer to this query. It is not a College, nor will it ever be one. It is not an Academy. It is a school, established for the purpose of giving a good substantial, *practical* education to the Farmer, the Sailor, and the Mechanic.—Any one, however, may receive instruction there, who wishes, whatever may be the object of his pursuit in future.

For the course of study pursued, with the mode of government, which is novel in this country, and which, to the great credit of the students, promises complete success, see the address of the trustees.

as its precise *into practice*. Is he studying the art of Surveying?—He must make the instruments in his own hand; he must measure the field hims; if he must make the plot and calculate its contents from his own data. Is Agriculture to be his future employment?—He can have the opportunity, if he wish, of cultivating the soil with his own hands, and there, too to test the theoretical principles which he is taught, or try any experiment which may illustrate the subject of his pursuit. For this purpose a farm has been presented by Mr. G., and it will go into operation as soon as possible. This, while it affords him an opportunity of partly defraying his expenses, also contributes to the storing his mind with practical knowledge and preparing him to be an useful and an honorable member of the community. It may seem paradoxical to some that a man can pursue a regular course of scientific studies and at the same time labor at his trade. But there are instances even now in the Lyceum, of some who more than support themselves by manual labor and yet keep up with their class in their studies. Like Franklin, plying their trade during the day, and trimming the midnight lamp over the page of science. Can there be a prouder example of the equality of the privileges and advantages of our country, and can there be a better foundation laid for the continuance of it than this? The Farmer or the Mechanic is to be kept no longer in ignorance and obscurity, and shut out from the fountain of science, as if it were sacred and their touches would be pollution. No, every avenue is opened and they are invited to taste of its luxuries. Every facility which is at command is given to enable them to acquire such an education as they desire. Shall then an institution like this be suffered to languish? Die, it never will. He, who planned and promoted its establishment, has placed it (with what assistance was given by the State) in a condition in which it will continue to live. But shall it always remain a tax on individual bounty? Shall an institution so purely republican, so admirably well calculated to give honor, strength and power (for knowledge is power) to the State be suffered to *merely* continue in existence? I cannot think so meanly of the people of Maine—may I know that if its objects and plan were fully understood by all, there is scarcely an individual in the State that would not freely and cheerfully throw in his mite for its support and advancement.

Farewell. I go east to-morrow; you will probably hear from me again at Castine.

Congress had not, at our last dates, entered very actively on business. Mr. Webster, the distinguished member from Massachusetts, had gone on a visit to the Ex-President Jefferson. It is not likely that Congress will engage very busily in legislation till after the Christmas Holidays.

✂ We perceive by a notice in the *Christian Monitor*, that the Rev. Benj. Titcomb, Jr. of Brunswick, has not edited the *Maine Baptist Herald*, published in that town, since the 27th, Sept. last : and he says he shall not hold himself accountable for any article that may appear in it for the future.

To our patrons will be published for delivery, at this office, on Saturday morning next.

★-The members of Oxford Lodge are reminded that their regular communication will be held at Mason's Hall, this evening.

Our list of votes is at length full. We have continued it a number of weeks, knowing the interest that pervades the community with respect to the final result of the electoral vote.

	No. of Doctors.	Almas.	Yankee.	Doctors.	W. v.
Maine,	9	9	0	0	0
New-Hampshire,	8	8	0	0	0
Massachusetts,	15	15	0	0	0
Rhode Island,	4	4	0	0	0
Connecticut,	8	8	0	0	0
Vermont,	7	7	0	0	0
New York,	39	26	5	1	4
New-Jersey,	8	0	0	3	0
Pennsylvania,	28	0	0	23	0
Delaware,	3	1	2	0	0
Maryland,	11	3	1	7	0
Virginia,	24	0	21	0	0
North Carolina,	15	0	0	15	0
South Carolina,	11	0	0	11	0
Georgia,	9	0	9	0	0
Kentucky,	14	0	0	0	14
Tennessee,	11	0	0	11	0
Ohio,	16	0	0	0	16
Indiana,	5	0	0	5	0
Illinois,	3	1	0	2	0
Missouri,	3	0	0	0	3
Mississippi,	3	0	0	3	0
Louisiana,	5	1	0	4	0
Alabama,	5	0	0	5	0
	261	53	41	160	57

5 The communication of "VERITAS" is received  
and shall appear next week.

John Gaillard has been re-elected a Senator of the United States from the State of South Carolina, for six years from the third of March next, when his present term of service will expire. Mr. G. has been for some time the Father of the Senate—that is, the member who has been, for the longest period, without an interval a member of that body. He first entered it in January, 1803.

Mr. Newton, it is well known to most of our readers, is, and has been for three or four years the Father of the House of Representatives. He is the only remaining member who was a member of the first Congress of the United States.

GENERAL PL 342

[illegible]

BIRMINGHAM, Dec. 15.—On Friday deserted from the first, under circumstances a belief that he had stolen one of the officers' horses. As soon as he had gone, the sergeant called for a fire alarm. In a search of him, which several hours in useless search, for North, a vigilant watchman on duty, giving him a description of him, he then described a man whom he had seen, as having changed his dress, from that of a fireman, to that of a tramp, along the frail sidewalk on the place where he piloted the "Sergeant's horse," and by making a rapid investigation of the back chamber, suspicion of his desertion." He made no dressing himself, accompanied the guard of soldiers very quickly to the place where he was detained for safe keeping. After the prisoner had been taken to the prison room, the sergeant explains that he had better take a walk, and had a drink, upon which he would be left to take

the guard retired, and that that he went out into the guard room, and demanded whether he had not a drink, to which he said; "The captain then took him by the hand, and asked him to give it." He replied as civilly as he could, saying, "I will get you a drink," and taking his hand into the side pocket of his uniform, he drew out a bottle of brandy, and handed it to him. The captain then drank, and asked him to give it. He replied as civilly as he could, saying, "I will get you a drink," and taking his hand into the side pocket of his uniform, he drew out a bottle of brandy, and handed it to him. The captain then drank, and asked him to give it. He replied as civilly as he could, saying, "I will get you a drink," and taking his hand into the side pocket of his uniform, he drew out a bottle of brandy, and handed it to him.

**A Bold Robber.**—This morning, a broker in Chatham-street, his office, having left a young lad a ruffian, who had doubtless been turned of Mr. G., entered the office, laid a bill which he held in his hand, on the table, and then, struck him in the back of the head, with a wooden staff, which fell him to the ground, and then, he took a trunk, containing all his papers in the office, with which valuation was immediately given to a party of officers sent in pursuit, and found empty at the hills, near the city, for some time, no person was suspected was found. Before the boy came sufficiently to him, the person who committed the offence was seized by the younger man.



## GENERAL SUMMARY.

SARASOTA, (Orlando, N. Y.) Dec. 10.

**Prison Escape.**—An event occurred in this town, on the first day of the present month, which is worthy of being recorded as it strikingly illustrates the truth of an overruling and governing Providence. A young man by the name of Noah Loomis, had descended the well of William Ferguson, which was situated at the foot of the hill, and a few minutes before noon, and took dinner; and a few minutes before 2 o'clock, again descended. The person at the top called to him to know if he had got to the bottom of the well. Loomis replied, "I have got within a few feet of the bottom—I don't know about going any further, as two or three stones have now fallen in." While the words were yet in his mouth, the wall for thirty feet above him, to the top of an old curb which was built when the well was dug, gave way and Loomis was completely enveloped in its ruins. An alarm was given—people began to assemble, and after a few minutes' consultation, commenced digging for the purpose of getting the body, having no expectation at the time that the man was yet alive. When they had taken up the wall about ten feet, the remainder gave way and came in, together with a large quantity of earth at the top of the well. This necessarily suspended their labor until a curb was prepared. About 5 o'clock, tools and buckets were procured, and put in successful operation. They continued to excavate until they came to the old curb above mentioned, which was not till twelve o'clock at night. The old curb was so rotten that they were afraid to proceed until a new one was made, and put within it; the doing of this suspended their digging till 4 o'clock in the morning. After this was done, they again commenced excavating, and on raising a large flat stone, the person in the well heard a groan! He came up, another descended, spoke to Loomis, and received a distinct and correct answer! This took place when they were about twenty-one feet from the top of the well. The anxiety of the people at this moment, they appeared completely astonished, and rushed en masse to the top of the well. They again commenced digging with renewed activity and zeal, occasionally calling to Loomis, and as often receiving distinct and correct answers. He was once asked if he was much hurt, and he answered, "he was, and not much hurt, but in great distress." About half past twelve, came to his hands, laid off the rope and raised over his head, and found him as he said, completely weighed in. As soon as his head was liberated, they gave him some cordials, and about two o'clock the young man was freed, without having a broken bone, to a large concourse of admiring spectators, after having been buried 24 hours. 50 feet beneath the surface of the ground! He was so completely wedged in on every side, that he could move no more than his toes on his left foot, and his fingers on his right hand. After being in the well two or three hours, Loomis became very thirsty, and feeling a drop of water run down his face he reached out his tongue, and received a drop after drop, sufficient to allay his thirst. All the medical aid that could be given, was rendered immediately, as there were several medical gentlemen present. He was deprived of the use of his limbs for three or four days, but is now doing well, being able to stand, and by the blessing of God, he will, it is hoped, soon recover.

**Baltimore, Dec. 15.**—On Friday last, a soldier deserted from the 1st, under circumstances which induced a belief that he had stolen forty dollars from one of the officers. As soon as it was known that he had gone, Major Bolton dispatched a Sergeant and a file of men in search of him, who having spent several hours in useless search, eventually met Mr. North, a vigilant watchman on the Point, and after giving him a description of him, he recognized in the person described a man whom he had noticed through a window, as having changed his dress, and was induced, from that circumstance, to trace him to his den among the frail steeple on the Casseway, and to which place he piloted the Sergeant and his comrades, and by making a rapid movement upon the gentleman's bedchamber, surprised him in the act of his "deceit." He made no resistance, but after dressing himself, accompanied the watchman and the guard of soldiers very quietly to the Watch House, where he was detained for safe keeping, until morning. After the prisoner had been locked up in one of the prison rooms, the Sergeant stated to Captain Evans that he had better take care, as he was a bad fellow, and had a trick, upon which the captain concluded it would be best to take it from him before the guard retired, and for that purpose called him out into the guard room, and demanded of the prisoner whether he had not a trick, to which he very civilly replied he had; the captain then approached nearer to him, and asked him to give it to him, and to which request he as civilly replied that he would, and putting his head into the side pocket of his coat, drew out the trick and handed it to the captain. The trick was a small silver watch, which the Sergeant almost at the same instant, Captain Evans was stabbed on the back, and the Sergeant on the breast and just below the stomach. At the moment of striking, he took to his heels and succeeded in making his escape; the Sergeant attempted to follow him, but fell at the door from loss of blood; he was however pursued by a file of soldiers and several watchmen up Market-street, and was overtaken by one of the soldiers opposite to Ramsey's Hotel, who in order to stop him, picked him in the back with his bayonet, which had the effect to arrest his progress but he never stopped than he while his back with such deadly certainty, that the soldier received several stab wounds, and the villain succeeded in getting off and en route in search for the remainder of the night. He was, however, pursued by order of Major Bolton, in the morning, on the Philadelphia road, where it was conjectured he had bent his course, and was arrested and brought back. But such was the determined spirit of the villain, that he brandished his steel in defiance of the guard when they came up with him, and it was not until a pistol had been waved at him that he gave himself up. He is now lodged in our goal, where he will remain until the Court sits, when he will have justice measured out to him. It appears that when undergoing an examination before the Justice, he behaved with great willingness, and manifested a total indifference as to the fate that awaited him.—*Morning Chron.*

**A Bold Robber.**—This morning, while Mr. Cassner, a broker in Chatham-street, was absent from his office, having left a young lad, his clerk, in charge, a ruffian, who had doubtless been watching the movements of Mr. G. entered the office, and asked the lad if a bill (which he held in his hand) was counterfeited. While the lad was looking at the bill, he struck him in the back of the head with a billet of wood, which fell him to the floor. He instantly seized a trunk, containing all the money and valuable papers in the office, with which he made off. Information was immediately given to the police office, and a bevy of officers sent in pursuit. The trunk was found empty at the hills, near Corlies' Hook, but for some time, no person who could be reasonably suspected was found. Before ten o'clock, however, the boy came sufficiently to himself, to describe the person who committed the outrage, and two persons were seized by the younger Hays, one of whom was

examined and committed, and the other was under examination when this paragraph was written. The person committed has been taken to the lock, by whom he was recognized. We understand that the trunk contained money in bills to the amount of about \$1400, and papers of \$10,000 value.—*Conn. Adv.*

**PORTSMOUTH, Dec. 18.**—On Wednesday evening, during the high wind, the mansion house of Madam Buckminster, in Kingston-street, was discovered to be on fire. An alarm was immediately given, and by the prompt exertions of the citizens, the fire was prevented from bursting out of the roof. It originated by accident in the upper story, and it is believed that if the flames had not been instantly extinguished, a conflagration would have ensued greater than was ever witnessed in this town.—*Journal.*

**ANOTHER STEAM-BOAT BURNT.**  
**CATAWBA, Nov. 22.**—On Friday afternoon, the Steamboat *Rifleman*, from Mobile, took fire from her furnace, when within five miles of this place, and, together with a valuable cargo, was almost entirely destroyed.—The wind being very fresh, and blowing into the furnace, produced a blast which communicated fire to the building erected to protect the machinery, and which immediately spread to other parts. A panic, which was instantly spread, from the cry of some of the crew, that there was gun-powder on board, and that the boilers would burst, rendered wholly unavailing all the efforts of Capt. J. Frey, and a few other self-collected persons, to save the boat.—She was run on shore, and the crew and passengers escaped with part of their luggage, but the books of the boat, and the letter bag, supposed to contain valuable remittances, were burnt up with the boat and cargo. The following are the names of some of the sufferers in property, many of them belonging to firms, &c.—Messrs. Mitchell, Vaughan, Crocheron, Pyle, Dewel, McLaughlin, Read, Simpson, Goff, Robinson, Smiley, Dow, Graham, Long, &c.  
The property lost in the *Rifleman* steam boat is estimated at \$75,000.

**Boston, Dec. 22.**—Yesterday, at a quarter before eleven o'clock, Perez Anthony, a black man, convicted of the murder of Theodore Stoddard, on the high seas, was executed in pursuance of his sentence. He was taken by Colonel Harris, the Marshal of this district, from the county goal, in Leverett street, at ten o'clock, and conveyed to Lechmere point, where preparations had been made for the execution. The warrant for the execution was read by the Marshal, and an appropriate prayer was made by Rev. Mr. Sharp. Immediately afterwards he was swung off, and he died at once without any struggle. It was his own wish that the execution should take place without the least unnecessary delay. The Marshal very judiciously performed his duty with as little parade as possible, and was desirous of avoiding any thing that would attract a great concourse of spectators. A large number of spectators however were assembled, whose conduct was extremely orderly, and no unpleasant accident occurred.

On the 13th Dec. the jail at Edenton, N. C. was destroyed by fire. The fire was no doubt communicated by two colored people, who were confined in the jail; one of them has confessed the crime. An old billiard room was pulled down to prevent a farther extent of damage.

On Thursday night about 10 o'clock, a fire broke out in the store of W. & A. Marvin, in South Market-street, Albany, and destroyed property to the amount of from \$75 to \$80,000.

The store of J. & N. Clarke & Co. at New-Haven, with its valuable contents, was destroyed by fire on Saturday morning. The books of the office of the New-Haven Insurance Company, and other papers of that institution, were also destroyed.

**MIDDLETON, (Conn.) Dec. 8.**  
Twenty-three years ago, George Robbins, of Wethersfield, went to sea, and was supposed to be lost. His parents have long mourned for him. On Sunday last, his brother received from him the following letter, written in the Spanish Mines.

"Yucatan, May 20, 1824.

DEAR BROTHER: This is the first time for fourteen years, I have had an opportunity of writing any body. Fourteen years ago, I shipped on board a smuggling vessel, in Havana; we got taken and carried in by a Spanish Man of War and were condemned, and all of us sentenced to three years in the Mines. We had been in about one year, when our Captain laid a plan, we thought, to get clear in getting out of the Mines. Our Captain killed a sentinel, we were overpowered, our Captain gibbeted, and all of us sentenced to the Mines for life. The Governor has cleared one man for good behavior, and promises to clear all of us, his next birth day, if we behave ourselves as well as we have done. We are not all well to write, but by the help of a woman, I have got pen and paper. The man that is cleared, carries the letter out of prison, stuck to the bottom of his foot. To relate my misfortunes and sufferings, would be more than you can have an idea of, but I will tell you of them as I go. I hope, if through the blessing of God, I shall get clear, and once more enjoy my friends and country, it would seem like a new world to me. Most likely my Father is dead. Give my affectionate love to Father, if alive, and all the Sisters.

Dear Brothers, I remain your affectionate Brother,

GEORGE ROBBINS."

\*The old man is alive, and ready to go and visit his son, if there is no redemption.

**Post-Office Department.**—By the annual report of the Post Master General, it appears, that the total amount of receipts for postage for the three quarters ending 30th June last, was \$778,866 33; that the amount of expenditures during the same period, was \$383,121 50; leaving the sum of \$395,744 83 more than the expenses of the Department. The increase of the receipts during the above period over those of the year preceding is stated at \$42,767 14; the estimated increase in the 4th quarter is put at \$15,000; making an augmentation of receipts for the four quarters of nearly \$58,000.

**An Act of Insanity.**—On Friday morning, Henry Hall, of Peters township, in this county, deliberately took a little bound boy, three or four years old, out to a spring near his dwelling house, sat down and placed the boy's head between his knees, and with a shoemaker's knife nearly severed his head from his body; cutting round and round the neck into the bone. This unfortunate being, was on the same day, committed to prison, to await his trial.—*Washington pa.*

**United States' Armory at Springfield.**—Considerable additions have been made to this establishment, the past season. Three fire-proof buildings have been erected, 120 feet long each, two of which are intended for workshops and the other for a store house, where the finished muskets may be safely deposited. Other improvements have also been made, calculated to facilitate the work. It is probably the greatest establishment of the kind in the United States. There are at present manufactured 13,000 muskets annually, an average of about 40 per day. Every department of labor is managed with the best advantage, and many improvements have been and are frequently making, by the ingenious workmen, which increase the facility of discharging their work. No

long but market are made, upon which are employed about 500 men; and it is calculated that not less than 1000 men, women and children derive their support from this establishment.—*Springfield pa.*

**LATEST FROM FRANCE.**  
**New-York, Dec. 20.**—The packet ship Cadmus, Capt. Allyn, arrived yesterday morning from Havre, whence she sailed on the 5th ult. We have received Paris papers to the 1st inclusive.

Capt. Allyn visited the family of Gen. La Fayette at Le Grange, and left them all well on the 24th October. He has brought letters for the General and his son. Capt. A. has also brought out a Portrait of the General, intended as a present to Congress, by M. Scheffer (painter) of Paris.

The Captain General of Madrid has published a Royal Decree, declaring all those guilty of high treason who have manifested since the 1st of October, 1823, either by word, writing, or deed, their opposition to the legitimate rights of the throne, or their adhesion to the said disloyal constitution of Cadix.

The decree also declares those guilty of treason who attempt to seduce their fellow-citizens by any means whatever.—All who shall excite insurrections for the purpose of making the King act contrary to his will—all freemasons, carbonaries, and other societies not comprised in the amnesty of the 1st of August, 1824—and all those who shall hereafter use any seditious language. The punishment may in some cases be altered to imprisonment from two to ten years.

Great consternation prevailed at Madrid in consequence of the above decree, and the city was in a very confused state.

The great timber ship Columbus, has arrived at Deal from Quebec.

From the Augsburg Gazette.  
**GRECE.**

News from Trieste, of October 14th, speaks of a new victory obtained by the Greeks on the 25th of Sept. over the Turkish Egyptian fleet, between Patmos and Samos. The Ottomans, after their defeat, fled to Miltyne with 35 vessels, pursued by 24 Greek vessels. All the Musselman transports, to the number of 100, remained at Budrum or fell in the hands of the Greeks. It is further stated that the son of the Pacha of Egypt, Ismael Gibraltar, commander of the fleet of his father, and once aid-de-camp to Gen. Grouchy, and a nephew of the Dey of Tunis, has been taken, together with 3 millions of piastres, which they had carried to Napoli di Romania. The viceroy of Egypt has lost his last frigate, which bore the Admiral's flag.

It is said however, that the Pacha of Scutari is about organizing a corps of Albanians for the Porte, and has a jagged Omar Vrisme to break his agreement with Maracrodato.

A Paris paper furnishes the following remarkable anecdote.—About 100 years ago a man aged 18, was condemned to the galleys for a hundred years and a day. The man has suffered in full the sentence of the law, and has now returned to Lyons in France, where, claiming an estate belonging to his family, the proprietor, M. Bertholon, who had thought his purchase very fair and safe, agreed, by the advice of his lawyer, to settle the contentious matter by giving the real proprietor £4,500, sterling (nearly 20,000 dollars.) This wonderful old man, at the age of 118, has lately offered his hand to a woman, and is shortly to be married.

**Republic of Hayti.**—The large ship Telegraph, at Philadelphia, is intended to sail for Port-au-Prince, Hayti, on Christmas day. Excellent arrangements having been made by the agents of the Emigration Society, it is expected she will go full of passengers.

Arrangements are in rapid progress, in North Carolina, for accommodating several hundred emigrants, who are already enrolled for early spring vessels. The spirit of enterprise is spreading, and many thousands of the people of color, will no doubt annually leave the United States for Hayti.

**MARRIAGES.**

In this town, by Rev. James Hooper, Capt. Alfred Andrews, to Miss Eliza Cushman.

In Buckfield, by Rev. S. Sewall, Maj. Lucius Loring, to Miss Sally Long.

In Norway, by Joshua Smith, Esq. Mr. Ami R. Lane, of Paris, to Miss Eliza Whitehouse, of Hebron.

In New-Gloucester, Mr. Nathan Cobb, of Portland, to Miss Catherine, dau. of Mr. Thos. Wharf.

**DEATHS.**

At Rutland, Mass. Mr. Arba Bullard, aged 30. He was instantly killed by the falling of a tree.

In Cape Elizabeth, Mrs. Jane, wife of Mr. Simeon Davis, aged 90 years.

In Portland, 28th inst. wife of Rev. Russell Streeter, after a protracted illness of 46 days.

In Northampton, Mass. Mr. Eli Smith, 35. He was drowned, at night in a small brook, when in a state of intoxication.

At the State Prison, Thomastown, Simeon Record, who was convicted at the last Supreme Court, for adultery with his daughter, hung himself on the night of the 7th inst. with the lashings which he took from his hammock.

In Lawrens district, S. C. Rev. Colman Carlisle, a minister of the Methodist Church.

In Chester, Penn. recently, the Rev. John Krutzer. He was in the pulpit, and had just given as his text—"We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ," when he fell, and instantly expired.

**HIT STORE REMOVED.**

AS REMOVED from Exchange-Street, to No. 2, Boy's Buildings, Middle-Street, second door from Exchange-Street; where he has just opened a prime assortment of

Gentlemen's, youth's and children's HATS, of various qualities and manufacturers; Gentlemen's, youth's, and children's FUR CAPS, various prices; Ladies' and Misses BEAVER BONNETS and Children's Caps, Fur Trimmings, &c.

Gentlemen's GLOVES and UMBRELLAS. Also—a few bales BUFFALO ROBES.

The above were selected by himself, expressly for retailing, and will be sold at a small advance for CASH.

Particular attention will be paid to orders—and any article, sent upon an order, which should disappoint the expectations of the purchaser, or that should not fit, may be returned and exchanged, or the money will be refunded.

\*CASH will be paid as above for

1000 Prime FOX SKINS.

Portland, Dec. 3, 1824. (34 3meop.)

## SALES AT AUCTION.

### SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN by virtue of an Execution and will be sold at Public Vendue, at the Store of S. H. E. L. E. & DEAN, in Brownfield, on Saturday the twenty-ninth day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon:

All the right, title and interest which JONATHAN STORER, of said Brownfield, has in equity to redeem the following mortgaged Real Estate, viz: the HOMESTEAD FARM, on which the said Storer now lives, together with all the privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging.

BENJ. BUCKNELL, Deputy Sheriff.  
Miram, December, 24, 1824. Sw 26

### SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Vendue, on Saturday, the twenty-second day of January next, at one o'clock, afternoon, on the premises

All the right, title and interest, which DAVID ADKINS holds, owns, or claims in and to the LOT of LAND whereon he now lives, in Peru, in the County of Oxford, in virtue of a possession or improvement.

ISAIAH D. TRASK, Deputy Sheriff.  
December, 21, 1824.

### NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that at a Court of Sessions begun and holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of October, A. D. 1824—the Court then ordered and assessed a tax of six cents per acre on Plantation number two, in said County; lying southerly of the town of Rumford, containing twenty-two thousand three hundred and forty-five acres; amounting to the sum of thirteen hundred and forty dollars and seventy cents, for the purpose of making a road through said Plantation—and appointed Abel Wheeler, Phillip Abbot, and Stephen Putnam a committee to receive and expend said assessment in making the aforesaid road.

Now therefore, the proprietors and owners of said land in said Plantation number two, are requested to pay the said tax to Henry Rust, Treasurer of said County, or his successor in said office, within six months from the date hereof; and unless said tax is paid within that time, so much of said Land as will pay said tax and incidental charges, will be sold at Public Vendue, at the dwelling house of Alvan Bolster, in Rumford, in said County, on Tuesday the twenty-eighth day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

HENRY RUST, Treasurer of the County of Oxford.  
Norway, Dec. 6th, 1824. Sw 24

### SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss. TAKEN on execution and will be sold at Public Vendue, at the dwelling house of JOSUA SMITH, Esquire, in Norway, on Saturday the twenty-second day of January next, at two o'clock in the afternoon:

All the right in equity of redemption, which EZRA BICKFORD has in and to the following described parcel of LAND, situated in Paris, in the County of Oxford, containing fifty-five acres, and bounded as follows, viz: beginning at the South-West corner of Lot numbered five, in the first Range of Lots; thence running North, fourteen degrees West, upon the town line adjoining Hebron and Norway, one hundred and twenty-three rods to the North-West corner of said Lot; thence North, sixty-eight and an half degrees East, upon the Lot line, seventy-one rods and twenty-five links, to a Stake and Stones; thence South, fourteen degrees East, one hundred and twenty-three rods to a Stake and Stones in the Lot line; thence South, sixty-eight and an half degrees West, upon said Lot line seventy-one rods and twenty-five links, to the first mentioned bound—being the same land said Ezra Bickford bought of William Stowell, as by said Stowell's deed duly recorded in the Registry of Deeds for said County, book the twenty-second, page the sixty-second—the same being subject to said Bickford's mortgage deed to William Stowell, dated September the fifteenth, A. D. 1819, to secure the payment of three hundred and thirty dollars and interest thereon, since said fifteenth day of September, A. D. 1819; on which there was paid, February the 7th, 1820, forty dollars and sixteen cents; March 16th, 1820, eleven dollars and twenty-five cents; and in August, 1823, two hundred and thirty dollars.

DANIEL HOLT, Deputy Sheriff.  
Norway, Dec. 15th, 1824.

### ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

BY virtue of a license from a Probate Court, held in Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of December, A. D. 1824:

Will be sold at Public Auction, on Monday, the seventeenth day of January, A. D. 1825, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the dwelling-house of the subscriber, in Dixfield, so much of the real estate of JOSEPH K. WHITE, late of Dixfield, deceased, including the reversion of the widow's dower in said estate, as will produce the sum of three thousand one hundred and fifty-nine dollars; being the balance of his just debts, which he owed at the time of his death, with all intervening charges.

Conditions of sale made known at the time and place of sale.

HENRY WHITE, Administrator on said estate.  
Dixfield, Dec. 14, 1824. Sw 21

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of ANDREW BARROWS, late of Hartford, in the County of Oxford, yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

CYRUS THOMPSON.  
Hartford, Dec. 24, 1824.

### COLLEGE LANDS.

FOR SALE, by the subscriber, the following lots of LAND, belonging to Harvard College, viz

In FRYEBURG.

Lot 44, 1st Division, 58 acres.  
" 22, 2nd do. 51 do.

" 10, 3d do. 50 do.  
" 18, 5th do. about 75 do.

In LIVERMORE.

Lot 70, 100 acres. Lot 149, 100 acres.

In RUMFORD.

Lot 16, 1st Division, 80 acres.  
" 38, 2nd do. 100 do.

" 47, 3d do. 148 do.

In JAY.

Lot 8, 13th range, 100 acres.

In BETHEL.

Lot 19, 9th range, 100 acres.  
" 19, 10th " 100 "

PRENTISS MITCHELL, Agent.  
Portland, Nov. 1, 1824.



Oh ! think not your pleadings are really so sly,  
And so free from a flaw as they seem to you now,  
For, believe a demurrer will certainly lie—  
The return of to-morrow will quickly show how ;

No, law is a waste of impertinent reading,  
Which seldom produces but quibbles and broils :  
And the lawyer, who thinks he's the nicest in pleadings,  
Is the likeliest far to be caught in its toils,

But, brother attorney ! how happy are we !  
May we never meet worse in our practice of law,  
Than the flaw a demurrer can gild with a fee,  
And the fee that a conscience can earn from a flaw !

Yet our doors would not often be dark, on my soul,  
If Equity did not to Law lend its aid :  
And I care not how soon I am struck off the roll,  
When for these blessings shall cease to be paid !

But they who have fought for the weakest or strongest,  
The often have won of the credit they gave,  
Even he who has slumber'd in Chancery's longest  
Is happy if always his costs he can save.

But, my brother *in law*, while a quarrelling germ  
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be ours,  
That action-at-law may employ every term,  
And equity-suits cheer vacation hours !

I saw a monarch great in name,  
 Oft like renegade and matchless fame,  
 Lock'd with his royal robes and crown,  
 I saw *Obolion* strike him down.  
  
 I saw a conquerer in his car,  
 Loaded with trophies gain'd afar—  
 I saw *Obolion* hurl his dart,  
 And pierce the hero to the heart.  
  
 I saw a stately column rise,  
 Adorn'd with sculptur'd victories—  
 I saw *Obolion* make a thrust,  
 And lo! it crumbled into dust.  
  
 I saw a man, in modest dress,  
 Assist the poor and fatherless—  
 I saw *Obolion's* mighty arm  
 In vain attempt to do him harm.  
  
 When this I saw, I musing said,  
 "*Obolion* now thy power is dead;  
 A virtuous man may defy thee—  
 His deeds are register'd on high."

*The existence of a God manifested in his works.*

Every object, presented to the view of man, manifests a Supreme Being. Nor does the flower, which blooms unseen, and wastes its sweetness in the desert; afford a less display of divinity, than the spacious concave, adorned with innumerable stars and planets which "wheel unshaken thro' the void immense." The beauty which all nature glows, and the perfect adaption of the several parts of the universal whole, at once refute the wire-drawn sophistry of the Atheist, and strongly impress on the mind a conviction, that they have been moulded by the plastic hand of an all-wise and omnipotent Being. Nor in their beauty only are we enabled to trace the divine Architect.—were the volume of nature unfolded to our view, we should discover that there exists not one useless particle of matter. Innumerable species of animated beings, existing for a moment, and which have never been delineated by the naturalist, form each a link in the great chain of existences, extending from infinity to nothing. With what sublime Ideas must a contemplation of the works of Deity fill the soul ! When we look abroad on surrounding objects, from the oak, which for centuries has braved the tempest, to the rose which adorns the valley, our minds cannot but be filled with admiration. The most minute objects, which being familiar, are disregarded, if viewed in all their connections and consequences, must convince us that they are formed by design, and that their author is worthy of adoration.

But when we contemplate the more sublime scenes of nature—the tempest spreading destruction—the volcano overwhelming cities in one moment's ruin;—the earthquake engulphing whole provinces in irremediable abysses—when we send our imagination into the boundless regions of space, and behold systems of systems pursuing their destined courses in the utmost harmony, we exclaim, there must be a fact.

Acting as a man, unable to investigate the manner in which the sovereign of the universe brought things into existence, when "his spoken word it was done," can only know that for him all things were made, and that to comprehend it would be but adding an impertinent curiosity, he is endowed with faculties which enable him to make nature subservient to his use. By the art and industry of man are the most powerful agents of nature made to promote his felicity. By his industry he turns a heath into the fertile field, the whole earth teems with the bounties of nature, and every inanimate waits him the convenience of abode on the bosom of the ocean.

Though all the works of creation from the towering cedars of Lebanon to the humble hyssop springing on the wall, carry evident marks of divine impression, it is in man the existence of power and goodness of a God are particularly displayed. His form is calculated at once to please and terrify. The fiercest beast, which prowls the forest, and satiates his hunger with blood, that the sight of man shrinks appalled before, the emotion of that soul, which animates him, marked in every feature, in every movement, is a stifling characteristic of him that though man, in bodily purposes, animated by a being endowed with reason and religion, is more rudely aroused, our attention. His mind is so organized that it seems to be so powerful, to possess such perceptions, to be so susceptible of emotions, which are necessary, and so conducive to the completion or happiness of a being perfect in all its parts and man-

ifesting its divine mechanism. These powers are indeed left rude and unpolished, that art may have full scope in unfolding, and raising them up, and bringing them to maturity. But as the seed, which contains the stamina of the future plant, calls for the enlivening rays of the sun to produce the ambrosial flower, so do they require the maturing rays of the sun of science to call forth their duties and enable their possessor to fulfil the end of his existence. Of improvements man has not been neglectful. The perfection to which the sciences and arts have been carried, is a proof of the unbounded powers of the mind. Is then such a being as man, so exalted, so noble, capable of such perfection, who can trace effects to their causes, bring past scenes to view, enjoy the present, and from analogy, judge of the future—the mere child of contingency? No; such an idea is the creature only of minds corrupted by vice, who, conscious of having forfeited all claim to felicity in another world would wish to relieve, their existence is not to be protracted beyond the present life.

*The Jewish Prophets.*—Direct your attention for a moment to the characters of those extraordinary men, the Jewish prophets. Their history, told simply as it is by themselves, appears to be enough to convert infidelity. They seem solely to have lived to God, to have passed through mortal existence in a sacred abstraction from its seductions, its infirmities and its passions. When we read of Elijah defying the rage of the king and the malice of the people, and trusting himself fearlessly to the desert and to famine, for the sake of God and of his truth ;—of Isaiah, the uncle of a monarch, disregarding the splendor and power of a court, and bearing awful and single testimony against its depravity and danger ;—of Jeremiah, who, whether bro't before the presence of his king, and beholding his countenance with complacency, or plunged by his wrath into a dungeon,—alike in palace and in dungeon testifying the truth of God, and calling on the infatuated people (while his voice could yet be heard) to witness the fulfilment of that truth ;—of Daniel who even in the court of the king of Babylon dared to announce to him the destruction of his kingdom ; and braved the anger that might have crushed the prophet of ill-fortune to dust before his unwelcome message was said ;—while we read of such men and of such things, we are struck with the sublime and unearthly superiority of those beings, not only to their contemporaries, but to all mankind. I know that history abounds in instances of self-denial as severe, and of voluntary suffering as terrible, but what those who form the heroes of historic narrative underwent, was for themselves, their own pride—passions—self in some way is apparent through all their heroism. But what these men did and suffered, they did and suffered for God : “ they endured seeing him who is invisible.” Their superiority was owing to no external cause ; they were slaves, prisoners, victims, “ destitute, afflicted, tormented ;” their superiority was owing to that communication with God, and with the powers of the invisible world, which makes the present, with all its seductive and dangerous nearness, all its tangible claims, appear in comparison as the drop of the bucket or the dust of the balance—a thing to be glanced at, weighed, found wanting, and disregarded. Their history leaves on the mind this indelible impression : “ If these men were not of God they could do nothing”—they could not at least have been the men they were.

An Irishman confessed he had stolen some chocolate, "and what did you do with it?" asked the confessor. "I threw it," said he. "I would have put it in."

*Sailor's Watch.*—When the British ships under Lord Nelson were hearing down the combined fleet of Trafalgar, the first lieutenant of the *Revenge*, on going round to see all hands were at quarters, observed one of the men devoutly kneeling at the side of his gun. So very unusual an attitude in an English sailor, excited his surprise and curiosity. He then asked the man if he was afraid? (nearly all sailors are the bravest of men), with a countenance expressive of the utmost disdain, not I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as the price money, the greatest number the officers.

A number of gentlemen, dining one day upon Salmon, some of them preferred Pickled, others Macerated; an Irishman standing up says, "By St. Patrick, or all the fish in the sea, I prefer *Puke and Pate*."

In a Church a few miles from London, the Priest was repeating that part of the Litany which offers up prayers "for all those who travel by water," &c. The Clerk suddenly exclaimed, "Except my wife, who eloped from me two days ago."

**A Bid of a Shout.**—The Captain of a vessel lying in the River, wishing to give his crew a treat, on a festive day, left two of the sons of St. Patrick to take care of the ship, and told them they might have a double allowance of grog; but cautioned them not to quarrel firing a gun, except there was reason to apprehend some great danger. This they faithfully promised; but, after enjoying a hearty dinner, the heads became heated with the fumes of their liquor, and one of them proposed having a *shout to themselves*; which the other objected to, as it *would make such a devilish noise*. This occasioned a short pause; but, as the festive invention, the most voracious said he could prevent that, and immediately placed the iron pot, used for cooking, on the mouth of the gun, and seated himself behind it, and held the pot by the ears to prevent its flying off. Being asked by his messmate what he was ready, he answered in the affirmative, but requested him to *shoot easy*. The report was heard by the captain and crew, who hastened on board and inquired the reason of the alarm. "Murphy and I," answered Pat, "had a mind to have a *bid of a shout to ourselves*." "Where is Murphy?" said the captain. "Where" is Murphy?" replied the Irishman, smiling and scratching his head, didn't you meet him now? *faith he's just gone ashore in the gun boat*."

A surveyor of taxes, named Hyde, was examining a house; by the side of which was a turn pit, and while disputing with the tenant about the number of windows it contained, he most unfortunately slipped into the pit. "For God's sake, cried he, help me!" "Nay," said the proprietor, "I dare take nothing from thee without the consent of the exchequer, and it would be a pity to pull out a Hyde before it is well tanned."

**T**HE non-resident proprietors of the several lots of land hereinafter described, lying in the Town of Peru, formerly known by the name of No. 1 Plantation, on the west side of the Androscoggin river, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, are hereby notified that the same are taxed in the bills committed to me, the subscriber, Collector for said Peru, for the State, County and Town taxes, for the year 1823, and deficient highway tax for the year 1822, in the respective sums following, viz :

THOMPSON'S GRANT.				J. B. Thompson.			
Name.	Months.	Feet.	Faths.	Single, Twenty, and Twenty-two.	Shot, Twenty, and Twenty-two.	Shot, Twenty, and Twenty-two.	Shot, Twenty, and Twenty-two.
Not known,	8	10	100	75	1	17	0
	6	5	100	100	1	10	1
	9	10	100	30	75	1	1
	4	11	160	50	133	1	1
	8	11	100	50	33	1	1
	5	12	100	75	63	1	1
	7	12	100	100	76	1	1
	3	7	100	25	23		23
	5	9	100	75	33		33
	2	14	100	100	33		33
	14	10	61	81	89		89
Morse,	9	8	100	130	1	14	1
Morse,	8	9	100	150	1	14	1
	9	7	100	50	53	1	53
	6	8	100	100	1	73	1
	6	8	100	100	76		76

If no person appears to discharge the above mentioned taxes, on or before the second Monday in January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, so much of the several above described lots will then be sold at Public Auction, to the highest bidder as will be sufficient to pay the same, and all necessary charges, at the centre School House, in said Peru.

**T**HE owners of the following Lots of LAND are hereby notified, that the same are taxed in the bills of assessments of taxes, assessed on the Lands of non-resident proprietors, in said Bethel, in the County of Oxford, for the State, County, Town and School Taxes, committed to me, for the year 1823, in the sums respectively set against said Lots, viz:

Names.	TAXES.									
	School.	Town.	County.	State.	Value.	Mortg.	Loans.	Other.	Agent.	Unknown.
Unknown,	16	1	100	40	7	10	23	2		
Unknown,	17	1	100	40	7	10	23	2		
Unknown,	18	1	100	40	7	10	23	2		
Unknown,	19	1	100	50	9	13	28	2		
Samuel Page,	25	1	100	100	18	26	57	5		
Samuel Page,	26	1	100	60	11	15	34	2		
Unknown,	33	1	100	50	9	13	28	2		
Unknown,	2	2	100	50	9	13	28	2		
Unknown,	4	2	100	50	9	13	28	2		
Unknown,	7	2	100	50	9	13	28	2		
Unknown,	9	2	100	50	9	13	28	2		
Roger Merrill,	11	2	100	40	7	10	23	2		
Roger Merrill,	12	2	100	40	9	10	23	2		
Peter Frost,	15	2	100	50	9	13	28	2		
Unknown,	19	2	100	40	7	10	23	2		
Unknown,	23	2	100	65	12	17	37	36		
Samuel Page,	25	2	100	50	9	13	28	2		
Samuel Page,	26	2	100	40	7	10	23	2		
Samuel Page,	27	2	100	30	6	7	17	1		
Unknown,	20	2	100	40	7	10	23	2		
Unknown,	5	3	100	25	4	6	13	1		
Unknown,	2	3	100	40	7	10	23	2		
P. C. Virgin,	11	3	100	75	13	19	43	4		
Agent,										
Unknown,	12	3	100	20	4	5	12	1		
Samuel Page,	25	3	100	40	7	10	23	2		
Unknown,	3	4	100	30	6	7	17	1		
Dole,	18	5	100	100	18	25	57	5		
Unknown,	16	6	100	20	6	7	17	1		
Unknown,	30	9	100	50	9	13	28	2		
Unknown,	24	10	100	20	4	5	12	1		
Samuel Page,	17	6	100	50	9	13	28	2		
William Oxnard,	16	6	100	50	9	13	28	2		
Timmo. Carter,	Intervale	40	100	18	25	57	5			
Agent,										
Unknown,	15	10	100	200	36	50	1,14	1,0		

And unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me, the subscriber, on or before **TUESDAY, the fifth day of January next**, so much of said Lands will, on said day, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the store of O'NEIL W. ROBINSON in said Bethel, be sold at Public Auction, as will be sufficient to pay said taxes and charges.

W. H. PERCIVAL, AUCTIONEER.

Collected said Bethel 29, 1880.

Bethel, November 29, 1824. Sw 21

OXFORD, ss. **W**HEREAS warrants have been issued from Henry Rust, Esq. Treasurer of said County of Oxford, and have been committed to me, against the following unimproved Tracts and Townships of LAND, situated in said County, for the County tax assessed thereon, for the year 1823, as follows, viz:

TRACTS.		Amount of Taxes
Township Letter F,	-	\$8 79
do, No. 1, Letter A,	-	8 62
do, No. 2, Letter A,	-	9 39
do, No. 4, Range 4,	-	7 53
do, No. 3, Range 3,	-	6 92
do, Letter B,	-	8 43
do, No. 4,	-	6 53
do, No. 7,	-	7 24
Hamlin's Grant,	-	53
Andover Surplus, North,	-	3 95

on Wednesday, the twenty-sixth day of January next at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, so much of said several Tracts of LAND, as will discharge the taxes and intervening charges on each of them respectively.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, Sheriff of said County.

Dated at Hebron, this 25th }  
day of November, 1891. } 1891-12-25

**CAUTION.**  
WHEREAS John Beck has left my house and board, which I have agreed to provide for him, I hereby forbid all persons harboring or trusting him on my account, as I shall pay no debts of his contract.  
Wm. R. HEMSWAY.  
Hamble's Grant, Dec. 9, 1834.

And a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of December, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

CAROL SMITH and LUCY SMITH, (Late Lucy Smith), Administrators on the estate of AMOS TRANK, late of Dixfield, in said County, Gentlemen, deceased, having presented their fourth account of administration of the estate of said deceased; likewise the petition of the said Lucy, as will of said deceased, praying for an allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased.

ORDERED—That the said Administrators give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Observer, printed at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

J. B. JAMES, CLERK.

BENJAMIN CHAMBLER, Judge.  
 Copy, attest, THOMAS WESTER, Register.

**T**HE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself, the trust of Administrator, of the estate of LEONARD PRATT, late of Paris, in the County of Oxford, yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs, and therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to the Commissioner.

THOMAS CLARK.  
 Paris, Dec. 14, 1824.

**T**HE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator, on the estate of RUPERT BARKER, late of Watford, in the County of Oxford, Trader, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

WILLIAM MEXNOR

Waterford, Dec. 14, 1834.

**T**HE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon him the trust of Administrator in and for the estate of **JOSIAH B. LEE**, late of Livermore, in the County of Oxford, Blacksmith, deceased, and giving bond as the law directs—He, therefore, requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased estate to make immediate payment; and those who have and demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

**ARNOLD WHITTEMORE,**  
Livermore, Dec. 14, 1834.

**W**HETHER I, JOHN BICKNELL, of Buckfield, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, on the seventh day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty six, executed and delivered to RICHARD BECKER of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, LEVI ROGERS, Junior, of said Buckfield, and PRESIDENT POPE of said Boston, in the County of Suffolk and State of Connecticut, Power of Attorney, for me and in my name to sell and make delivery of: verities of my "new and useful improvement for grinding corn and various kinds of grain," known by the name of "Bicknell's improved Grist Mill," that part of the State of Massachusetts lying West of Connecticut river, the whole State of Connecticut and New-York. Now be it known, that I hereby revoke and annul said power of attorney given as aforesaid, agreeable to the express stipulation therein made.

JOHN DICKSALL.  
Buckfield, (Me.) December 16, 1824.  
The Editor of the "American Mercury,"  
Hartford, Con. is requested to insert the above advertisement three weeks; and send his bill to this office for payment.

**JUST RECEIVED,** and for sale at the O-  
FORD BOOKSTORE,  
THE MAINE  
**FARMER'S ALMANAC,**  
FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD  
**1826.**

\* \* \* Sold also by Thomas Crocker, Esq. of  
Simeon Cummings, Messrs. Morse & Hall, Jos-  
eph Shaw, Esq. and Ebenezer Drake, Per-  
Enoch Crocker, Nathan Attwood and Messrs.  
Long & Loring, Backfield; John R. Briggs.  
Woodstock; Ichabod Bartlett, Norway; Messrs.  
Crocker and Crockett, Bangford; and the Traders  
generally. Dec. 30, 1824.

**A** NEW PAPER, Quarto size conducted by a Society of Literary gentlemen in Portland.  
 (L) Subscriptions received at the Oxford Bookstore

where the numbers may be examined. Oct 11

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY  
ASA BARTON,

For the Proprietors, at two dollars per annum, *in advance*, and  
No paper discontinued, until all arrearages are paid;  
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Advertisements conspicuously inserted, and at  
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\*\*The Publisher, at no time, is responsible for the  
notice, that while he shall endeavor to be  
daily correct, he will not hold himself responsible  
for any error in any advertisement, beyond the amount  
charged for its insertion.

*Will be received, by the following gentlemen.*  
*An-lver.....JAMES F. BRADY, Esq.*  
*Bethel.....Mr. MOSES BARTLETT.*

Backfield.....	Capt. ALFRED PARSONS.
Columbia.....	E. L. HUMPH, Esq.
Canter.....	Hon. CORNELIUS HOLMAN.
Delfield.....	HENRY FARWELL, Esq.
Jag.....	Hon. JAMES STARR, Junior.
Livermore.....	SAMUEL MORRISON, Esq.
N. Livermore.....	REUEL WASHBURN, Esq.
Mind.....	Mr. JOSHUA PARSONS.
Superior.....	Doctor BATHUEL CAREY.
Well.....	FELMAN ELIUS, Esq.
Wetzel.....	Doctor JONAS P. FRANK.

PROUD rolls on the Ocean in  
 The God of the Indian—the  
 The riches of Monarchs—the  
 Are swallowed in Ocean's bright  
 The navy, whose thunders mid  
 Is palled and enshrouded in O  
 Earth's grandeur and pride is h  
 Its rage has in "Ruin's dark  
 'Tis the mockery of Time—for  
 Still roaring for victims, is crin  
 Eternity bounds thy broad way  
 And space is the depth of thy  
 When reddens the battle—wh  
 When slaughter looks haggard,  
 When Monarchy trembles, and  
 Its chariot of blood 'mid the c  
 Then, Time, thy mad waves in  
 And the earth's gush of woe  
 This the tempest that lashes the  
 Creation's tornado—Humanity  
 O Time! thou sad butcher of  
 Who rifled our beauty, our frie  
 When gaiety sparkles and mirt  
 When we blissfully float on th  
 The storms of fate lower—thy  
 Thy lightning fast flashes—our  
 Our bark feebly flutters—temp  
 That severs our cable and tattle  
 But while on the pillow of ple  
 While Heaven's gifts of riches  
 While the path of our childhood  
 Or hope on immortal fruition  
 Then soft swells our canvass—t  
 And thy zephyrs that waft us,  
 Thy years are thy billows that  
 As the world's sad disasters ou  
 When pestilence, famine, and  
 Their forces o'er earth and swe  
 Then tower high thy billows, th  
 Earth's vallies are deluged by r  
 On thy last annual scroll, peer  
 The triumphs of greatness, and  
 Hispania groans 'neath her rack  
 Inquisitors fatten—the tyrant st  
 Her Pyrenees echo most sadly a  
 The soft notes of Freedom—sw  
 The bugle scarce winds its rich  
 Her Patriots are bleeding, and  
 No more did I say—wing to Ath  
 When tyrants for ages have pin  
 On the tomb of Lycurgus her  
 She swears there her temples sh  
 She marks the green turf where  
 The valley of glory—the urn o  
 While she drops o'er the tomb o  
 The Turk feels the pangs of her  
 War on noble Grecian—thy pat  
 Creation in rapture, shall ponder  
 Clank the chains of oppression  
 Peace, Honor, and Wealth are  
 The world of Columbus will jo  
 The oppressor made captive—th  
 The world of Columbus—glad  
 What triumphs adorn thee, the  
 Far, far to the south, where Co  
 Like pillars of Freedom enrob  
 There Freemen, the fetters of sl  
 The crown of the tyrant is trod  
 His panoplied temple there tott  
 They chant Hallelujahs at Libe  
 Farn, turn to the land of our  
 Where tyrannick senates, and ty  
 Where Justice ne'er shrinks at t  
 The dictates that guide are the  
 Where Mercy enthroned, sits an  
 Let virtue petition, and merc  
 No jarring divisions our Unio  
 No bloody contentions its pillars  
 But plenty rolls in like a flood  
 Her wealth to the happy and he  
 Hark, hark, the loud billows of  
 'Tis the new wave of Time that  
 O peace to thy coming—thy pre  
 Thy riches will gladden—thy b  
 May the tempests that lash the  
 Like the breath of the summer  
 O woe to the ruffian that reddens  
 Thy foam be his winding-sheet  
 Thou guest of creation—how sh  
 O wait thy rich blessings to eve  
 Be peace, health and plenty the  
 No trouble molest us—no fami  
 When sorrows shall sadden—w  
 O wait to thy supplicants a prosp  
 If clouds of affliction shall thie  
 May a friend to the friendless in  
 This the day of glad tidings—C  
 The child of her glory, now gl  
 Now loud and more loud her art  
 'Tis the heart's burst of joy that  
 In diamonds of love shall his pr  
 For our woodlands and mountai